Every Week

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December 4, 1916

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Too Many Men Still Believe in Perpetual Motion

SOME day, go into the Patent Office in Washington and look at the applications that have been made for patents on perpetual-motion machines.

You will see some very ingenious devices.

For instance, a machine to be run by the power of gravity—iron balls dropping down a chute and turning a wheel.

The inventor of that machine provided for everything. He even added a brake to stop the machine, in case it should run so fast as to become unmanageable.

He forgot only one thing—that it requires just as much energy to lift the balls up *against* gravity as they develop by falling down.

In England, between 1617 and 1905, more than six hundred separate applications for patents were made on perpetual-motion machines.

Every single year new applications are made.

They stand—this unending procession of applications—they stand as a magnificent monument to the unchangeableness of human nature.

A testimony to man's unquenchable belief that somehow, somewhere, it is possible in this world to get something for nothing.

It is a mistake to gather all these perpetual-motion machines together in Washington, D. C.

One of them should be set up at the busiest corner of every American city. And twelve should be distributed along Wall Street, New York.

Every man who goes downtown to business in the morning should pass a perpetual-motion machine and be reminded of its lesson.

There is one great law that runs through all life. Many men have discovered it: Emerson named it *the Law of Compensation.*

Everywhere that law is operative. In physics, action and reaction are equal. In electricity, if the north end of a magnet attracts, the south end repels.

If, as Emerson points out, a government is bad, the governor's life becomes unsafe. If taxes are too high, they yield no revenue; if laws are too severe, juries will not convict; if they are too lenient, private vengeance steps in and metes out justice.

Compensation—everywhere.

When I started in business I used to be somewhat worried by the good fortune of the wicked. I saw fellows who worked one half as hard as I and got twice as much money.

I saw other fellows lift themselves into the good graces of the boss on the golden wings of gall and funny stories.

But I have seen the Law of Compensation get in too much deadly work ever to concern myself any more about anybody else's success.

I have seen good fellows who thought they were perfectly secure because they called the boss by his first name, be fired by the same boss, who called them by their first names when he did it.

And I have seen men grow very rich—and I know that there are many ways in which the Law of Compensation can work when a man has the ambition to become *very rich.*

It can make him pay in health. It can turn his home into a counting-room. It can make his children snobs and hypocrites. It can destroy his joy in simple things.

Another gentleman discovered the Law of Compensation even before Emerson. He stated it in this form:

Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.

There are many seeming exceptions to this law; but the longer I live the more sure I am that if most of the exceptions were analyzed they would be found not to be exceptions at all.

There is no such thing as perpetual motion. No man ever for very long gets more than he deserves, without paying for it something equally as valuable as he gets.

"Nothing can work me damage except myself," said St. Bernard. "The harm that I sustain I carry about in me, and never am a real sufferer except by my own fault."

"And"—he might have added—"never a real gainer for very long, except by my own hard work."

Bruce Barton, Editor.

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WHO IS RASPUTIN?

By LUCIAN SWIFT KIRTLAND

SIX months ago, when Mr. Kirtland left for Russia, we asked him to find out and write for us the real truth about Rasputin, the mysterious monk who is said to be the power behind the Russian throne. Mr. Kirtland was granted exceptional facilities for securing information: we believe his article to be the first really authoritative statement of the facts published in America. It is a story of fascinating interest—a figure out of the fourteenth century influencing the destinies of a twentieth-century nation. We shall see in the next decade a mighty conflict between the forces of progress in Russia, strengthened by the present war, and the forces that in the past have been responsible for Rasputin and the medievalism which he represents.

THE EDITOR.

I MISSED having dinner with Rasputin by one day. Every intricate detail had at last been arranged. Although reported to be visiting friends in Siberia, Rasputin had come to Petrograd, and was to have been motored in a closed car to a private apartment for the dinner. Since the attempt on his life, last spring, in one of the exclusive eating places of fashion, he now never appears in a restaurant.

For six weeks I had manœuvered, reaching for this wire and then for that, until finally I knew that I had the right one—for in Russia every one can be reached by some wire. The point was, to find the man whom Rasputin could not deny, and then to find the man who could bring pressure on that man. Fortuitously, I found that third man, and then I knew that I was well on my way to Rasputin. And then, with the last detail completed, I was called away twenty-four hours too soon. By the space of that one day I missed meeting the most interesting character in Russia—the great, towering monk, Gregory Rasputin, who from behind the throne of Muscovy for the past decade has held in the mercy of his power the dictation of the weal of the Empire.

It is neither necessary nor discreet to say who my acquaintance was, nor who it was that knew Rasputin. Emphatically it is necessary to omit telling the intrigue of the pressure that was brought to bear. But the man who knows Rasputin is perhaps the only man who has ever really known the monk intimately, and who has ever been his confidant. He promised to tell me, as a prelude to the dinner, the secret of just who Rasputin is, and to reveal the mystery of how he arose to his power.

To get to my informant's house I was led from the sunshine of the broad, roughly cobbled street into a court-yard, and there we found a door leading to a long flight of dark stairs. We climbed until just under the roof, and pressed a bell. Steps came and a door was unlocked. We slipped in quickly, as if there were furtive eyes watching. Where the trail of Rasputin reaches there is always clandestine slyness. The man himself came to the door. He pushed open a door and led us through some rooms until we came to an inside office, a musty place crowded with heavy, rich furnishings.

Above the desk hung a picture of Rasputin. Our host reached up his hands to each side of the frame and looked into the eyes.

"The eyes are of fire," he said, "living fire!"

Most men hate Rasputin, but many obey his commands, as do almost all women.

"Look at those lips," he continued—"the thin lips of a master. No; you see, they are not thick, stupid, sensual lips. And now look at his eyes. Look deeply, and maybe you will understand something of the man."

He sat down at the desk and talked across it toward me.

"How could a *moujik*," he began, "an ignorant peasant born in the heart of Siberia—how do you suppose that such a man could rise in proud Russia to be a power greater even than the throne? I tell you again: it was his fire, his sensuous hurtling passion of life. He can dissipate the ennui of a jaded court and not be drained. He has wits, but so have thousands. His presence rekindles dead ashes. They are subjugated by his power.

"Yes, Rasputin was a *moujik*, a peasant. Everybody knows that; but they know little more. They think he is young. He is not. He was born fifty-two years ago, born in the province of Tobolsk, in a little village. He lived in a house of one room, where they all slept in reeking sheepskins on the stove in winter, and in new-cut hay above the cattle in the summer. Was that a beginning for sleeping between silken sheets in a palace?

"Rasputin was big and strong, but he didn't like to work. He liked to talk and he liked to quarrel, and he stirred up his inspiration for talking and quarreling at the vodka shop. Are thinking heads to be found in such a village to match one's wits against? There was nobody to answer his questions. And, in his high spirits, he rebelled and wrangled and made trouble. Everybody for miles about learned who Rasputin was, including such local *noblesse* as is mustered in such a far-away province. At first he amused these yokel aristocrats by his boisterous revelries and strange moods, but they couldn't manage him. They wanted him to be a buffoon, but he was too much their master. He made a mockery of his superiors, and victims of the women. When the village grew too narrow a field for his adventures, he wandered away as a pilgrim.

"Rasputin had never had a day of schooling, and he had the direst ignorance of anything that he might find in the outside world, except what his priest had told him of big cities with great churches, and of monasteries and convents and holy places. It was the beginning of an education to make his way from village to village, trying the mettle and temper of strangers with his questions and high spirits. You can picture him when he reached Moscow, tramping around and around the great churches and palaces with open mouth and staring eyes.

"He saw that men had done bigger things in the world than he had ever dreamed of. He decided that reading and writing must have had something to do with this power. A Rasputin does not have to look long in this world for teachers. He has had many. Amidst various hot-blooded adventures he found time to watch fair fingers point out the letters of the alphabet.

"Rasputin's development seems always to have advanced by jumps. Moscow received him uncouth, uneducated, and untamed. He had had only the most shadowy hints of the power and organization and the dogma of the great Russian Church. Something in the refinement of the city and the art of the wonderful churches began to smooth away the outside of his uncouthness. The paradox of it all was that Moscow was now a disappointment to his new moods. Incredible—yes; but this central Siberian *moujik* was demanding something from the great Moscow churches that they could not give. Rasputin told his friends that the church lacked passion. Their answer was that the materialism and commercialism of a great city had engulfed the church—that he should go to Kief if he wished to find holiness uncontaminated.

"Again he picked up his pilgrim staff. At Kief he found another great city; but the atmosphere was narrow and bigoted. For a time he thought that this bigotry meant life. But a man of Rasputin's keen senses can not long be fooled by the specious, and he was soon angered by the corruption that he found. Possibly—who can deny?—this hot-blooded, intemperate, riotous, desirous wanderer was honestly seeking some unfaltering purity of religion as a salvation outside himself against the raging fires within, the very fires which later were to carry him to the pinnacle of power and might.

"He heard of Holy Mount Athos, and again he took up his wanderings. Again he found pettiness. Pilgrims were going to Jerusalem. He joined them. I said that Rasputin was impressionable. Now came the second great evolution in his life. It came from the sea. To this child of the steppes, the expanse, the colors, the storms, the peace, the majesty, the power, and the mystery affected him as something new and revolutionary from God's hand. The effect upon his life was tremendous. He ceased being a simple *moujik* upon a quest, he himself not half knowing what he wished to find. He had been struck with the conviction, the revelation, that if he could feel this inspiration of the sea, which others could not feel until his words and his fire discovered the treasures for them, he must then be possessed of powers which they did not

have. And he did possess those powers.

"The squabbling of the rival churches of Jerusalem irritated him. He burned to preach, and eagerly he turned back to Russia, and became one of the many *starytsi* priests—those unordained, unconsecrated itinerants outside the church, who wander over Russia.

"It was nine years since Czar Nicholas II had come to the throne, and nine years since he had married the Princess Alix of Hesse. Four beautiful daughters were born to their beautiful mother, but there was no son. The Emperor's disappointment needed a victim, and he listened to the 'League of the Three Marys,' those three women of the court who so bitterly opposed the Empress.

"The Czar and the Czarina were now seldom together. However, at the canonization of St. Seraphim at the monastery of Sarov, the Emperor and the Empress attended the ceremonies together. Their carriage moved between packed lines of cheering subjects.

"Suddenly from the thickest of the crowd came a loud, clear, commanding voice:

"'*Thou, too, shalt bear a son!*'

"The Empress half rose from her seat and looked at the man. She insisted that they find out who was the speaker of those words. After the ceremony they brought Rasputin to her. She told him that when she had heard his voice she had had the thrill that she was listening to a holy revelation.

"Rasputin maintained a certain poise. When the Empress said that he must come to St. Petersburg, he replied yes; but the fact that it took him so long to fulfill his promise is proof that he then expected little.

"On the thirtieth of July, 1904, a son was born, and was christened the Grand Duke Alexis.

"Rasputin's wanderings at length carried him to the grim northern capital. He knocked, as it were, at the palace door, to find that he had not been forgotten. He had from the beginning a place in the palace.

"The child, never well, became dangerously ill. The court physicians gave up all hope. Again the voice of Rasputin rang out: '*The child shall live!*' For three days, without moving from beside the bed, Rasputin exorcised in prayer, and the heir lived. The superstition grew, which has become the legend firmly believed by the parents, that the life of the monk and the life of the boy are magically connected.

"The Empress, and through her the Emperor, began to consult Rasputin. The Empress had fallen completely under the domination of Rasputin's fire, his vivacity, his hypnotic power. Every request that he might make was granted; but he asked little of importance. Nevertheless, there were wise heads at court who began to realize to what end this power might lead. Rasputin assumed the innocence that he has always worn as a cloak. He followed his subtle and always victorious campaign with the Czar—*he constantly praised his enemies.*

"The hour of the climax came on a gruesome evening of the innermost court circle in the palace. The desultory conversation turned upon the religious dances of the Khlysty, that strange sect whose members, in their fierce struggle to trample down the flesh, do not restrain it, but, wrestling with the infinite problem of sin and salvation, give concession to the flesh as an element of ecstasy.

"Suddenly Rasputin leaped to the middle of the room. 'I have danced the dance of the Khlysty,' he said.

"There was a portentous calm.

"Rasputin began dancing, at first slowly. Whether he danced the dance of the Khlysty or not, I do not know; but it was a dance of ecstasy and wild emotionalism. Then came the hurricane. The enemies of Rasputin, or, more precisely, the enemies of the Empress, arose and stood together. They declared themselves against what they called the immorality of what they had seen. They declared that the hour had come for banishment. It had; but Rasputin remained. Certain ladies of the court never came to court again.

"In the fire of the dance Rasputin had felt his power. The sequel confirmed it. He was now supreme. But, strangely enough, he did not seem desirous to use his power. In those days, if any one could gain his interest, he would successfully advance that person's cause; but his requests were for such favors as bishoprics and similar gifts for friends. More and more, however, he grew into taking a hand in the direction of the major affairs of the State. And then, about six years ago, he abruptly threw down all his power, declaring that he was going to retire into holy seclusion in Siberia. Who but us Slavs could ever understand the secret? It was the flaming again of that frenzied quest for salvation from sin.

"For two years he was gone. Of those years no one knows. Hell and heaven were pitted against each other in his breast in a terrific struggle for mastery. And then, suddenly, he returned to court. He must have made the bargain with hell. He demanded back again the power that he had so contemptuously relinquished. But he was markedly changed in his ambitions. Every move was cloyed with mercenary design. He was drunk in his craving for power.

"Who in Russia does not know the tales of the Rasputin of these hectic years? But the outside world of Europe and America—what has there been in your experience that could give you the imagination to believe such unutterable scandals?

"In the régime just before the war, Rasputin loosely organized a group of satellites, a strange clique of visionaries, thieves, and sensualists. No project, good or bad, legitimate or illegitimate, could be launched without his consent. Every one who wished to gain the hearing of the Czar had to work through this monk.

"What was the price they had to pay? You can answer by your own imagination. Sometimes a woman who could please Rasputin had to be pleased, and different women have acted as intermediaries. Yes, there were indeed heavy prices paid. Perhaps you have heard of Madame G—— and her two daughters. Her attempt to assassinate Rasputin was almost successful.

"These attempts at assassination are now so frequent that even Rasputin is afraid. Nobody knows how many plots there have been, secrets that have leaked, notably that of the plot that sought to use Heliodorus, the mad monk of Tzaritzyn. He was once Rasputin's friend, but turned against him and raised his voice in denunciation to the court. He received for his effort a cell in a monastic prison. Finally released, Heliodorus fled to Scandinavia. And then the enemies of Rasputin, thinking that the exiled monk would be ripe for any conspiracy, sent an agent to him with 60,000 rubles with which to hire assassins to bring about Rasputin's murder. They mistook their man. Heliodorus sent a letter to the Empress; but before it was delivered one of the conspirators betrayed the plot.

"Rasputin sympathizes with the so-called pro-German party of Russia. This party looks forward to a friendship after the war in a common hatred of Great Britain. Some say that the Emperor's taking himself and his heir to the army headquarters was to escape the insidious pressure of this party. Rasputin remains by the side of the Empress. He does not dare go to the Czar's headquarters, but the Empress may. At least, there have been certain astonishing coincidences that have followed her visits.

"For instance, M. Serge Sazonov, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, heard that his enemies were attempting to undermine his power. He went to the Emperor, and then returned to Petrograd so confident that his liberalism was firmly seated in the saddle that he took a vacation from his post. The Empress visited Mogilov. All Russia—including M. Sazonov—was startled to learn a few days later that M. Sazonov had resigned and that M. Stourmer, of the reactionary party, had succeeded to the portfolio.

"Who can say what will be the limits to Rasputin's subtle scheming in the negotiations following peace?"

The Bravest Man I Met in Five Armies

By WILLIAM GUNN SHEPHERD

BLOW up Brooklyn Bridge and fill the East River with a network of the wreckage. Convert the buildings in lower New York into granite forts, and put big guns in position on their roofs to cover New York Bay. Now keep your eye on the bay.

There's a little steel boat of the enemy coming toward our shore. It is only 150 feet long and 30 feet wide. One of our shells, well aimed, will sink it. The men on the boat are under orders to pass under our forts, to go through the wreckage of the bridge, to dodge the mines we have sunk in the river, and to lend the assistance of their guns to the enemy infantry that is fighting our forces farther upstream.

Now, fire! We have missed it? Fire again! The boat comes on. We have knocked one hole in its deck, blown off part of its stack, and filled the water around it with the lily-shaped splashes of our shells. But it does not stop.

Now it is as near to our guns as it will ever get. We see a shell pass into its hull, but it does not sink. It moves into the wreckage of the bridge, and passes through it safely.

To-morrow another boat comes. This time we sink it. From day to day come other monitors, always singly. They glide into the bay, and, with all the odds against them, try the same old dash for the mouth of the East River. Some we sink; but there are always a few men who reach the shore safely.

Suppose we know that the same man was always in charge of these boats? That to this one man the enemy had given the duty of taking these monitors under the noses of our forts into our own home waters? We Americans would probably make a hero of him by the time he had made his second attempt, and when he got his third boat through we would blow him up with regret.

The bravest man I met in five different armies on both sides in the Great War performed a duty like the one I have described. Put Belgrade in the place of New York, a stretch of the Danube in place of New York Bay, the mouth of the Save River in place of the mouth of the East River; cut down the geographical scale by one half, so that the rivers are narrower and the little monitors must pass closer to the guns; and you will have the setting in which Olaf Wolff, lieutenant in the Austrian navy, half Norwegian and half Austrian, thirty-eight years old, bachelor, maneuvered five monitors, lost two of them, saw one hundred and thirty men blown to bits, and was under fire for sixty consecutive days.

I talked to Lieutenant Wolff on the deck of one of his monitors, one autumn day when the golden sunshine had turned the muddy Danube into the "beautiful blue" river that we sing and dance about.

What Is a Brave Man?

HIS job was "getting him." His blue eyes were steady in their gaze, but his hands shook and the muscles of his face twitched as he spoke. He was a man who had been scared a thousand times. The brave man, I've learned in war, is not the man who does not feel fear, but the man who sticks to his job in spite of fear.

"They called me out of the navy and brought me inland to do this river work," he explained. "I know lots of fellows in the American navy. Do you know Steve Rowan, of Admiral Fletcher's staff? Come on down and have a drink.

"Can't have daylight in my cabin," he said, down in his quarters. "That porthole was hit by a shell, and the steel cover was jammed so we can't get it out."

Up on deck again, he showed me the wounds on the boat.

"I've taken two monitors under the Belgrade forts," he said simply, "but I had to turn back with this one. Come here and I'll show you why."

He led me to a small turret set on the floor of the deck. Its sides were steel three inches thick.

"I was in here when a shell hit it and mashed the steel around the door-jamb so that the door was jammed into place. I couldn't get out, so I had to give my orders through a peek-hole. They brought the boat back here"—a sixty-mile trip—"and sawed me out."

Down in the boiler-room, which was also the kitchen, the machine-shop, and the eating-room for the crew, he showed me where, on the same day, while he was locked in the turret, a shell had entered and exploded, killing twenty-three of his men.

"I've taken two monitors into the Save in five trips," said he. "Somebody is killed every trip. Every crew is made up of picked volunteers; but not many of them go a second time. This boat would have got through, I think, if I hadn't been sealed in the turret. But we're going to make another try to-morrow."

He lit a cigarette, with apparent nervous effort, and then went on:

"After a monitor gets into the Save, I leave it there and return to Peterwardein by land, to get another. It's bad business in the Save for the monitor-men. The Serbian guns are hidden in the mountains where we can't see them; but the Serbians can see us every minute. Sometimes the Serbians are shooting at us from both sides."

The Finish a Navy Man Wants

AND what was Olaf Wolff's finish? I am not sure. But eighteen months later, after I had shifted from the Austrian to the Ally side, I heard a British sailor-man telling stories at Salonika. He had been on the Save, and in the course of his yarns he said:

"One day one of those little Austrian monitors got stuck in the mud right under our noses. It carried a commander's flag.

"'We've got a mine planted under that thing, I think,' said our mine expert.

He looked at his map and found out he was right. He went into the button-house, picked out the right button, said, 'Here goes!' and pushed it. The little boat went up with an awful bang, and came down in a thousand pieces."

Before stopping to think I said:

"I'll bet you got Olaf Wolff that time."

"Who is Olaf Wolff?" he asked.

I told about Olaf Wolff, while a dozen British navy men listened.

"A darned good navy man, I call him," said the story-teller. "If he was on that boat he got just the kind of finish that a navy man wants—sudden and easy."

As the correspondent of the United Press, Mr. Shepherd has seen the Great War on every front except the Russian. He is just back: we are going to have quite a number of articles from him—all lively.

THE EDITOR.

RIFLES AND PEARLS

By WILLIAM HAMILTON OSBORNE

Illustrations by Frederic Dorr Steele

LAST night, all night long, in his secluded study in his home, Green Gables, sat Richard Swords, perhaps the most powerful magnate in three States. He was busy—woefully busy.

Occasionally he switched off his study lights and stepped to the window, and drew aside the window hangings and lifted the window shades. The moon was shining bright without. And in the moonlight here and there he caught the glint of a gun-barrel—of a skulking figure hiding in the shrubbery. Fifteen Pinkertons were guarding Green Gables and its owner, Richard Swords.

In another apartment on another floor of Swords' spacious mansion, a pretty woman, clad in clinging negligée, poised a necklace in her hand—a necklace of perfectly matched pearls. She regarded it disdainfully for an instant, and then flung it full tilt against the beveled mirror of her dressing-table. So violent was her action that the silken cord of the necklace parted, and the pearls scattered themselves across the table and the floor. She left them there, and flung herself, face downward, on her couch.

IT is said that the two-pound-a-week clerk, the London article, possesses a virtue that is distinctly lacking in the make-up of his counterpart across the ocean. He plods steadily and happily all day—stopping awhile perchance for tea—walks home, removes his boots, lights his pipe and cocks his feet upon the mantelpiece. He is through. He is happy. He is content.

Dicky Swords, in his brawnier American way, was such a man. He had the fatal gift of satisfaction with his job and with the world in general. He liked the Tri-State Coal Company, and the Tri-State Coal Company liked him. He did what he was told, and did it easily—and they paid him fairly for it. He had a roll-top desk in front of him, and a typewriting machine beside him—and over and anon he swung about in his swivel chair and took dictation from himself.

And he wasn't looking for anybody else's job. He was content.

At the present moment Dicky Swords' strong fingers were playing over the keys of his machine. He was dictating to himself—digging out a good strong follow-up epistle to a big customer or two.

A woman touched him on the arm. Dicky swung about and regarded her, if not with surprise, at least with genuine pleasure. He drew out a silver watch.

"Godfrey!" he exclaimed, "but this day has flown. Come in, Ingénue. Sit down."

Her name was Genevieve, but he called her Ingénue—getting it right, too, and speaking through his nose. And she liked it. But she took stock of Dicky Swords' appearance, and she frowned.

"Dicky," she wailed, "why can't you dress like a Christian? Do you know it's only ten degrees outside? I nearly froze to death. And can't you ever get along without a pipe?"

Dicky puffed in silence, his eyes twinkling with delight. He smiled broadly.

"If I only had a bull pup, I'd die happy," he returned. "A pipe, a bull pup—and thou. Eh, Ingénue?" He drew forth a diminutive envelop. "Supper for two at Martini's," he went on, beaming, "and afterwards this,"—he tossed her the envelop,—"aisle seats, row E, in a show that'll put your eye out. And we won't be home till morning—which nobody can deny."

He rose to his feet and caught her by the arm. She drew a quick breath, half in her surprise at his movement and half in sheer admiration of the man. She was tall, this girl, and rangy, and pretty—a decidedly attractive animal. And she had a dark and keen and pleasing eye, and a well rounded figure. As for the man—he was a full head taller, and he stood beside her, spare, lean, and magnificent—not an ounce of extra flesh.

"Come on, Ingénue," he said; "we'll go."

She glanced in alarm at his bared forearms and his shirt.

"Just as you are?" she queried.

"Not out—not yet," he returned. "Come on, we'll board the lion in his den—we'll go see proxy-boy. We'll tackle old Gawtry. I want him to see you looking at your best. He'd rather look at a pretty girl than eat. Which isn't saying much, for he can't eat." Dicky pounded himself on the ribs. "Gosh, I'm hungry."

They swung through three sets of intervening doors—and stepped into Gawtry's private office. Genevieve gasped at the luxury and richness of the suite as she entered. In silent awe she compared it with Dicky's little coop without.

Dicky hurried her along. In another instant they confronted a weazened little figure sitting at a flat-topped desk of dull mahogany.

"Chief," said Dicky airily, "this is Ingénue—you've heard me speak of her. Ingénue, this is Joel K. Gawtry—of national fame—the president of the Tri-State Coal Company. Chief, I call him. He's our most ticket, little one."

The girl shuddered at this flippancy—it deserved instant discharge, it seemed to her, if not decapitation. But Gawtry, smiling for the first time that week, merely rose politely to his feet and trotted mainly round the corners of the desk and seized the girl's hand in his own.

"Ingénue?" he repeated, shaking his head. "I'm sure I never heard of Ingénue—and I'm positive I've never seen her."

He turned to Swords.

"Who," he queried, "who is Ingénue, young sir?"

Dicky drew away so that he might admire her the better.

"She's a bride of three winters, chief," he replied, "and she's the pride of my heart. If I had a bull pup, now, I'd be—She's Mrs. Richard Swords—my wife."

"Your—wife," gasped Gawtry. "You don't say you're—you're married."

"Two years ago to-day," returned Swords. "Don't you remember—you added twenty dollars per to my salary—so that I might endow Ingénue with that much more worldly goods."

"And the set of flat silver," added Genevieve to Gawtry, speaking as one speaks of her most cherished possession. "You—you must remember that—from—from the bill you had to pay."

THE little chief ignored the reference to his elaborate wedding gift; he pressed his hand against his waistcoat.

"Ding it," he said, "I forgot to take my tablets. Excuse me just a minute, please."

He shifted around to his desk drawer, and slipped two white disks into his mouth.

"Yes, yes," he proceeded; "go on—go on."

He eyed them up—first one and then the other, and then both together. No detail of their appearance, individual or collective, escaped his eye.

"Go on. What do we pay you now—Swords? What do we pay you now?"

"Twenty-six hundred a year," said Dicky proudly.

The chief wagged his head.

"Too much," he said, grinning. "You don't earn it, Swords, you don't earn it."

Dicky nodded soberly—winking at Ingénue.

"Not more than two or three times over. Too true."

He started off with Ingénue—she murmuring a farewell. But the chief caught them—each by an arm.

"In another apartment a woman in negligée was examining a pearl necklace."

"Wait a bit," he said. "What are you going to do with her—where are you going now?"

"Anniversary—supper at Martini's—and aisle seats E—a show that'll put your eye out, chief. Take it from me."

"Now, look here," exclaimed the old chief, suddenly and energetically. "I've got to do things when I think of 'em and when I'm in the mood. Look here. I want Emily—I want Mrs. Gawtry to see you two—just as you are. I don't see how you do it—on fifty dollars a week; and she won't see how, either. I want to show her how handsome and pretty and healthy and kind and wise and happy—"

"Happy?" echoed Genevieve, with just a shade of interrogation in her tone.

"And—well dressed," added Gawtry.

Genevieve glanced at her husband.

"You don't call him well dressed, Mr. Gawtry!" she exclaimed.

"He doesn't have to be, my dear," returned the chief.

A shade of annoyance crossed Dicky's face.

"Why, I'll tell you, chief—" he began.

But Gawtry interrupted him.

"Now, Swords," he said, "I know what you think. You think I'm trying to patronize you. But you're away off. You don't know what's in my mind this minute. You don't know what I wouldn't give to—"

Dicky held up his hand.

"It isn't that, Mr. Gawtry," he said; "but—we've got it all fixed for a little tête-à-tête—you know, as Tommy, our doorkeep, says, she and me—her and I—"

"To-morrow night—to-morrow night," cried Gawtry. "I'll call up and get the tickets fixed for you. But—to-night, while I'm in the mood, come home to dinner with Emily and me. I want to show you to Emily. Come. You know her, Swords, and she likes you."

Swords, frowning, looked at his young wife. She nodded energetically.

"Of course we'll go—I wouldn't miss it for all the world," she cried.

Gawtry glanced at her gratefully; for in her tones was the ring of sincerity. Gawtry was pleased.

"But," said Genevieve, "what about Mrs. Gawtry? She won't be expecting us—and—and—it isn't her invitation—"

"Don't worry," said Gawtry, seizing his desk telephone. "She'll soon expect us—and be glad to. She won't make any fuss. Every night, worse luck, is alike to us."

While he telephoned, Swords and his young wife sauntered to the window.

"Hang him," he whispered. "The old stiff has spoiled our little game—he's gummed us for to-night."

"It's worth three Martinis and three shows," returned Genevieve, with decision. "It's one chance in a thousand. He—he's a multimillionaire."

GAWTRY hustled them into his big limousine, and hustled in after them. Half a block farther on, he seized the speaking-tube.

"What am I thinking of?" he cried, struggling with the door, which his footman immediately opened. "You can ride—I've got to walk. Doctor's orders. That's the life I live, Mapes,"—this to the chauffeur,—"drive them around by way of Fairview. That'll get us all home about the same time. So long."

He trotted off on foot through the blustering cold, with the footman at his heels.

Genevieve Swords sank back into a corner of the soft, warm, luxurious equipage, uttering deep sighs of pleasure. Swords, his eyes glowing, looked at her for one brief instant. Then he drew down the forward curtain, hiding the chauffeur, caught her to his arms and kissed her on the lips, the face, the neck.

"You're the best ever," he murmured.

"Do you remember two years ago to-night?"

She struggled to free herself. "Dick," she cried in alarm, "people will see!"

"Let them see," he returned. "Ah, girl," he sighed, "I've got all I want—I've got you. I can even do without a bull pup. Geo, I hope the old man's got some good cigars to-night."

Genevieve glanced into the little mirror and straightened her hat. She was silent for a long while.

"What's the trouble, dear?" he asked.

She sighed. "I was just thinking—wondering—at the difference in men," she returned. "I was thinking of Mr. Gawtry. Think what a man he must be to have made millions. Think of the push, the energy, the tireless energy. Think—to own a car—like this."

"Ah," returned Swords contentedly. "He's welcome to it all—just so long as I've got Ingénue. That's me."

AT dinner that evening—a meal that required the presence of three liveried servants—Mrs. Gawtry cried out in alarm, staring at her husband.

"Joel," she exclaimed, "what are you doing?"

Joel masticated joyously.

"Doing?" he replied. "I'm eating meat. Hang it, this is my dinner party, and I'm going to eat. *E-a-t*, eat. And I don't care whether school keeps or not. Look at Dicky Swords feeding his face here. Ain't I a man, like him?"

"Have it your own way," returned his wife; "you know what will happen."

Shortly after dinner, it happened. It happened while Dick Swords was smoking his second cigar, and while the chief was dry-smoking his first. Gawtry uttered a sharp exclamation of pain, put his hand to his side, and then—white-faced and loose-lipped—keeled over into Dicky's arms. Dicky laid him on a lounge, and a servant called the magnate's wife, and then telephoned for a doctor.

Half an hour later Gawtry, weak, but comfortable and hallucinated under the influence of a hypodermic, still lay upon the lounge. He was quite game.

"I won't go to bed—I won't," he insisted. "This is my dinner party, and I'm going to enjoy it. Hanged if I ain't."

He called for Genevieve.

"Now, my dear," he said, "you sit on that chair there, where I can look at you. You're worth looking at, my dear. And you don't have to look at me. You can look into the fire—or at that Corot up there on the wall. Well, well, a bride of two years! You picked a good man, my dear. Dick is four-square; that's what I call him—four-square. He's a lucky lad, Dick Swords."

Notwithstanding the chief's injunction, Genevieve did look at him. She had already looked at everything the room contained. But this energetic, ambitious man upon the lounge, this man with a brain too big for his body—he was the author and finisher of it all. He was worth more money than the King of England. What was the difference in men? Why couldn't she have picked— But, no, she shut that thought firmly from her mind. Dick Swords was hers for keeps.

"I don't know," she returned longingly, in answer to Gawtry's eulogy. "I sometimes think that Dick lacks what you call—ambition. He doesn't—push. He doesn't—get along. He's not—like you."

"You're right, he's not," said Gawtry. "He can eat meat like a house afire. Where is he—where's Dick Swords? I suppose he's in the music-room, flirting with Emily. Oh, she likes him; Emily likes Dick Swords. They're think as two peas together when she comes into the office. First thing she does is to make for Dick Swords' cubby-hole. Sometimes, when she's good, he lets her run his typewriting machine. I suppose they're in there, somewhere, flirting now."

Had Gawtry but known it, he was somewhere near the truth. His wife was flirting—Dick Swords was not. Gawtry was an old man at fifty-five—his wife was young at forty. Gawtry had married late in life—comparatively speaking—and she had married early. Gawtry's wife had all the wifely virtues. But beneath it all her girlish heart still beat.

At the sound of her husband's voice, she stopped her piano-playing, and rose, and placed a hand tremulously upon the arm of her companion.

"You're a fine chap, Richard Swords," she said genuinely; "I like you."

Side by side, they strolled into the other room. Dick Swords left her side, advanced stealthily upon Genevieve, and caught her in his arms before she was aware of it. She screamed feebly and struggled mightily. But Dick held her in his brawny grasp and kissed her.

Gawtry struggled to his feet in alarm.

"Here, you," he cried to Swords. "What do you mean by such conduct, you young—meat-eater?"

"What can you expect, chief?" explained young Swords. "We were married two years ago to-night. We—we haven't got over it, that's all."

Genevieve's hostess placed an arm about her shoulders.

"My dear," she whispered, "it's the loveliest thing that ever happened. If only the world were all like that!"

Genevieve shook her gown and hair into shape. She did not answer. But she glanced about her—and her eyes filled with longing.

"If only the world were all like *this*," she whispered to herself.

WHEN they reached their little two and a half story house late that night, Dick lifted his wife out of the car and carried her across the intervening space of sidewalk. He deposited her on her feet upon the door-mat. He unlocked the door. They stepped into the dimly lighted hallway. Genevieve shivered. The house, with its banked furnace fire, was like a refrigerator compared with the warm interior of that big limousine. However, she had no time to comment upon the cold. Once more Dick swept her off her feet, switched out the hall light, and stumbled, with her in his arms, up the stairway, depositing her, short of breath and panting, in their room.

"Alone at last!" he cried joyously. "Gee, what a frost, that dinner. How do those people get along—how do they live?"

Hours later he was wakened by the striking of a clock—or by something else. He waited—the clock struck four. Then he felt a movement at his side. Genevieve, her dressing gown clutched tightly about her, was sitting up in bed, her arms clasped about her knees.

"What's up?" he murmured sleepily. He put his arm about her and drew himself to a sitting posture.

She nestled against him.

"Dicky," she cried, "it's kept me awake the whole night long—I'm so excited, I can't sleep. For we can do it. I know we can. I know you've got it in you. You're twice the man—ten times the man he is—and I know you've got it in you—"

"What?" queried Swords.

She drew her knees still closer to her breast, and drew a long breath.

"I know you've got it in you—to get rich. I *know!*" she answered with conviction.

"Geo!" he whistled. "That'd be great. Then I could have a bull pup too."

"Don't joke," she pleaded. "I know what I'm talking about. You're blind, Dick, blind. Don't you *see* the opportunity? Why, Gawtry *likes* you. He watched you all the evening. He'll do anything for you."

"Don't you believe it," returned her young husband. "Gawtry likes me because I'm one of the few in the Tri-State who are not looking for anything. He likes me because I've no ax to grind."

"They all like you," said his wife.

"Same reason," said Swords; "I'm not waiting for any of 'em to die. But they don't like Gawtry, though. So success don't come by liking. It's some other quality that I haven't got that makes the millions."

"Blind—blind," repeated Genevieve. "Think what chances you're missing. Why, with your personality, you can make yourself absolutely necessary to the Tri-State—so that they can't get along without you. You can be Gawtry's right-hand man. With your personality, you can be anything you want."

THAT'S the way it began—mental suggestion. And by the constant application of mental suggestion it was continued. Constant dropping will wear away a stone. Day in and day out, Genevieve Swords preached her gospel—ambition, energy. Swords listened—but he no longer called her Ingénue. He loved her better than his life; but he was worried. He had fallen short of her expectations. It was his to make good, to satisfy her longing. He tried—tried hard.

In the midst of it his immediate superior died. By an automatic process Swords stepped into the dead man's shoes—and, as if by magic, his salary jumped to thirty-seven hundred dollars. This strange thing stirred him to his very depths. It filled him with pleasurable excitement.

"Now I can get me a two-hundred-dollar bull pup," he said to Genevieve. "And you can have anything you like."

He found his new job easier than his old one. Besides, it lifted him into the companionship of men who were really doing things in Tri-State Coal. His opinion was sought, and listened to. He discovered that he possessed good judgment—found that he was regarded as "new blood."

And yet, he was content. Genevieve, like the newspaper editors, viewed this condition "with alarm." She filled his mind with vague warnings, forebodings—and, singularly enough, one of them suddenly was justified.

Chambers, the man below him, coveted his place—Swords' new position—and almost got it too. It was Genevieve who found it out,—she knew the wives of most of the office force,—and she warned Dick just in the nick of time. Swords went to Gawtry, and Genevieve to Gawtry's wife. Genevieve saved the day, and Dick held his job by the skin of his teeth.

His fighting blood was up.

"Hang these fellows!" he exclaimed to his wife. "They think nothing but of getting a man's hide. I'll show 'em. Two can play at that game. Watch out."

Now, although these words emanated from the lips of Richard Swords, they were, in fact, the thoughts of Genevieve. She had dinned this lesson into Dick's head so long and so loudly that he had learned it by rote; he had adopted her slogan as his own.

"I'll show 'em," he repeated.

He knew what this threat entailed. It meant work—all day and most of the night.

"I'll make myself so necessary to Tri-State," he growled, "that they can't get along without Dick Swords. Watch out."

He started in in earnest. He no longer smoked a pipe. He sold his bull pup—at a profit, too. Dick was coming on. And he brought home work nights, in his calf-skin portfolio; he even kept long-distance operators busy from his home until late at night. Genevieve made social plans. He brushed them all aside. She bought theater tickets.

"Not to-night," he kept repeating. "No time now. Next week—next month, maybe. Take somebody else. Take Gawtry and his wife. They'll go. They like you—they like your pepper and your spice. And you can talk me up to them. Give me a year at Gawtry, and Gawtry'll need me more than anything he needs in life. Watch out."

She didn't go. At midnight she brought up a tray to him.

"You didn't eat anything at dinner," she reminded him; "you'll try just a bit of this?"

He looked at the tempting food and sniffed the air. Then he turned away.

"Honest," he said, "I can't eat it. I don't feel like it—and I've got to dig through this work to-night and get to bed. I want to be fresh to-morrow. I've got a 'young blood' scheme to put up to Gawtry—and he'll fall for it, or I'm very much mistaken. Watch out and see him fall."

Gawtry fell for it. Dick Swords' scheme was so new and startling, and yet so sound, that Gawtry adopted it the instant that he heard it. And he fell for something else. Within a week Dick Swords became Gawtry's right-hand man.

Genevieve was exultant. Dick's name crept into the newspapers. He was sought after by the bank men, by the business men. The man who had the ear of Gawtry was a man to be reckoned with.

"Now," said Genevieve, "we can—entertain."

"You bet," said Swords; "we not only can—we'll have to."

They moved into an imposing house in Gawtry's section of the city, and began to entertain.

"Of course," said Swords, "we've got to make this count. We've got to invite the people that'll do us good. You'll have to consult with me about that."

"Oh, of course," said Genevieve faintly.

However, Dick's first suggestion was superb. They would give a dinner party to the Gawtrys. Gawtry had suggested it himself. Genevieve thought this a little strange, but Dick explained.

"There are a bunch of coal men—two or three—that Gawtry wants to round up. He can't come out in the open. I know 'em all. We'll have 'em to the dinner—with their wives. They'll come."

"I don't know them," faltered Genevieve.

"It'll be fixed," said Dick. "You'll know 'em shortly. And we'll have 'em all. Gawtry's no fool; he knows."

They had the dinner. There was a quart of buttermilk for Gawtry—and champagne for the rest. Swords didn't drink—they thought he did. He didn't smoke—he merely chewed on the end of a cigar. After the women had withdrawn, the men sat for five solid hours in the smoking-room, in conference. At the end of that time Swords had "induced" Gawtry to enter into a scheme of mutual advantage.

AT two o'clock in the morning Dick Swords sank into a chair in his wife's bedroom.

"Godfrey!" he exclaimed. "We put one over on 'em. We? *I* did it. When the Tri-State Coal thinks it can get along without Dick Swords, it's got another think."

He started suddenly.

"Godfrey!" he repeated. "Why didn't you remind me? Do you know what last night was? Our wedding anniversary! And I 'most forgot."

He drew out a check-book and wrote out a five-thousand-dollar check. He handed it to Genevieve, and bent over and kissed her on the lips.

"Buy anything—a bull pup if you like," he said affectionately. He yawned noisily. "I'm tired," he said. "I could sleep a week. Good night."

He started off.

"Dick," she called softly after him.

He came back and placed a hand on each of her shoulders. He kissed her again and looked into her eyes.

"Ingénue," he said gently, "you were right about me. And what I am I owe to you. And I'm going to pay you back. I'm going to make you the richest woman in three States. See if I don't."

Two months later Gawtry died of acute gastritis. He had committed an unpardonable crime—he had taken solid food into his system once too often.

Swords put on black, and Tri-State Coal went into mourning. And Dick Swords talked to his wife behind closed doors.

"Genevieve," he said, "I want to tell you something. I've known it for a long, long while. Gawtry's widow likes me—she's always liked me. She's often told me so."

Genevieve rose to her feet; but Swords waved her back.

"Nothing to be alarmed at, my dear," he said. "Gawtry's widow has no charms for me. And Gawtry's widow is immaculate."

"She's a handsome woman," cried Genevieve.

"Virtuous to the limit," repeated Swords. "But she likes me—she likes to have me with her. And," he added, lowering his voice, "I've got to work her

liking for me to the limit. I need it in my business. I need it to make you the richest woman in three States. And I've got to work it out with her—alone. You watch."

Genevieve watched. Swords understood his business. And at arm's length—never once presuming upon her friendship—he soothed and comforted Gawtry's widow. She repulsed her own attorneys. She listened only to the voice of Richard Swords. And with marvelous result.

For at the next regular meeting of the board a strange thing happened. Richard Swords was elected president of Tri-State Coal by the votes of a majority of the directors—and the majority of the board of directors was controlled by Gawtry's widow's majority of Tri-State stock.

"Ingénue," Swords said to his wife that evening, "I've just come from making platonic and funereal love to the Widow Gawtry. You were right. You told me years ago that she was my trump card—she's proved that to-day. Now watch."

Genevieve watched. Within six months the big combine was formed—the Interstate & Tri-State. And, by way of compliment to the man whose brain had conceived the mighty project, Richard Swords was made president of this gigantic coalition.

"'Chief, this is Ingénue.' 'Ingénue? Who is Ingénue, young sir?'"

TWO months later Genevieve Swords, chairman of the Contemporary Club's committee for investigating the condition of the city's poor, stepped from her machine on a side street in the very center of the city's deepest poverty. As she left her car, a small boy passed her—a very ragged little boy—lugging a dilapidated wooden bucket. She had alighted in front of a candy store. The boy stopped at this store, and a woman came out. The boy produced some coins and lifted the lid of a small coal bin. The woman looked at the coins and looked at the pail.

"G'wan," she said. "Don't you read the papers? You can't get no pail o' coal for them few cents. Don't you know that coal's gone up a dollar a ton? G'wan!"

Genevieve hadn't known it—hadn't read it. But she went home and found the mention of it in the morning paper. And the evening papers devoted front space to it, and editorially denounced the rise in price in no uncertain terms. Sprinkled throughout the news story and the editorial comment was the name of Richard Swords.

That evening at dinner she asked some questions—but Swords cut his answers short. It was something that she couldn't understand, he said—law of supply and demand. The rise in price was needed and was just.

The papers disagreed with him. Mrs. Swords' Contemporary Club disagreed. Finally the people disagreed.

A cold snap intervened—and the whole East groaned. It shivered with the cold, and whined and whimpered under the arbitrary rise in price. From whimpering it fell to snarling; its wail of suffering rose to a shrill shriek of anger.

In some towns there were even riots—riots quickly quelled by the police. In her home city the Contemporary Club—the woman's organization, fifteen hundred strong—was the self-appointed guardian of the poor. It was an efficient body, and Mrs. Swords had helped to make it so. The Contemporary Club said frankly that it wanted to know. Delicately it put the matter up to Mrs. Swords—would she cooperate? They had the right to know about the advance in the price of coal.

Mrs. Swords was game.

"I want to know, myself," she smiled. "I'm sure it's all right. I'm sure Mr. Swords has done nothing without reason. But—I'm with you. I want to know."

IT was late upon a wintry afternoon that five women—Mrs. Swords' committee—swept into the private office of Richard Swords himself. They had no difficulty getting there, for Genevieve herself had headed the flying wedge—open sesame enough.

SWORDS was at his desk—in that luxurious suite where Genevieve had met Gawtry. He sprang to his feet.

"Genevieve," he exclaimed, "you—you ought not to come here. There's a reason. Did no one warn you?"

"No one knew we were coming," said Genevieve. "Warn us—of what?"

Swords held up his hand. A doorkeeper entered the room.

"They're coming up the street," said the doorkeeper. "What shall we do?"

Swords nodded—paled slightly.

"We'll carry out the program," he returned. "I'll do as I promised. I'll see them here."

He pointed to one of his private suite of rooms.

"Ladies," he said, "it's too late for you to leave the place. But if you'll step in that room until I am disengaged, I'll guarantee your safety—if you'll shut the door behind you."

Genevieve's companions did as they were bid. Genevieve lingered.

"What does it mean, Dick?" she asked.

"It means," he answered calmly, "that this town has gone crazy mad. A delegation of citizens has asked to meet me face to face to discuss this rise in prices—and I'm going to call their bluff. You watch and see. Or, no," he added hastily, "don't watch. Keep that door shut until I send for you."

Genevieve followed her companions into the other room. As she did so, she noticed that a chair standing by her husband's desk—an empty chair—moved mysteriously, without apparent cause. She wondered.

In the ensuing ten minutes Genevieve grew curious. It was evident that her husband had been visited by a committee of some fifteen men—they sounded more like fifty. Disobeying his injunctions, she opened the heavy mahogany door to the space of an inch, and stealthily looked on.

She heard Richard's strident tones—measured and even belligerent—bellowing out defiance. She heard the citizens' murmur of protest. She heard a snarl from the rear rank of the little nucleus. And then it happened.

A man who leaned against Swords' big mahogany desk suddenly whipped out a bandana handkerchief and wiped his brow. It was a signal. In another instant the citizens' committee, to a man, drew forth guns—and, with a wild yell, surged across the big mahogany desk. One man even had his hand upon the lapel of Swords' coat, and was immediately knocked down for his presumption. It was Dick who knocked him down. And then, from behind set screens, from behind bookcases, superfluous desks, huge chairs, there leaped forth—hitherto unseen—a squad of special officers.

Without hesitation and without mercy, they clubbed the citizens' committee into submission, relieved them of their weapons, and thrust them violently out of the room like so many sheep.

When it was all over, Richard Swords strode to the door behind which, quivering with fear, stood Genevieve and her companions. He opened it wide.

"Ladies," he said, "this place is unsafe, and you are unsafe until you reach your homes. We have no time or opportunity to talk. These were wild animals—rabid and unreasoning—not men. I'll send you home under safe escort—but it's best to go at once."

After her club companions had departed in their machines—each machine with two special officers annexed—Genevieve rode home with Swords. Their car was heavily guarded, and Swords was booted as he rode.

"It's nothing," he explained to Genevieve. "It'll all blow over in a day or two. They'll listen to reason. Those desperadoes came to get me—they were out for wool, but they went back shorn. I knew it was a game. But I was ready for them." He chuckled. "I have to laugh," he said, "when I think of the first time you stood in that room—with Gawtry looking us over. I was getting fifty dollars a week, and now I'm worth—"

The car swung into their grounds at Green Gables.

Swords peered out.

"That's good," he said; "the Pinkertons are here. Nothing can happen to us now."

GENEVIEVE retired early. She was wholly unnerved. She slept. She woke, refreshed. She was still young, and strong and healthy, still a live young woman. Waking, for the instant she forgot where she was.

Years before, on waking in the dark, it had been her want to stretch out her hand, to make sure that Dick was there at her side. Unconsciously she did it now.

And then she remembered that she was at Green Gables—not in a two and a half story house on a side street downtown. And then she remembered something else. She switched on her light, drew on a dressing gown, and crept to Richard's bedroom. She knocked softly.

"Dick, let me in," she cried. "Dick—let me in."

There was no answer. She turned the knob and groped her way to his bed. The bed was still made up—it had been unoccupied. Through another door she stepped out into the hall. There was a light in the study. With her face warm and flushed from sleeping, she felt her way softly along the hall, and stole into the study.

Dick was there. He was busy—woefully busy. Figuring—always figuring. He sensed a presence in the room, and started up in alarm. Then he smiled and held out his hands to her.

"Startled me," he said. "Thought you were some more anarchists after my hide."

"Dick—Dick," she cried, her voice full of wild longing. "Dick—do you know what day it is? Our wedding anniversary—"

The magnate winked and held up his hand in banter.

"Aha!" he cried. "You thought you'd caught me napping, didn't you? Not a bit of it. 'Dyou think I'd forget? Look here."

From his inside pocket he drew forth a long leather case and handed it to her.

She opened it, listlessly.

It contained a matched pearl necklace worth the ransom of a king.

She kissed him, thanked him—and then caught him around the neck, beseeching him to leave his work—to forget everything but *that* day, that seemed now so long ago—

His eyes glowed—glittered. He shook his head.

"I've got three hours' work ahead of me," he said. "I've got to work this thing out to-night." He glanced at her admiringly. "There's not another neck, nor another necklace, like yours—not within three States," he said.

Then he sank back at his desk and plunged into his work again.

And it was then that Mrs. Richard Swords stole back into her boudoir, and violently flung against the plate-glass mirror of her dressing-table the finest matched pearl necklace in three States.

The Triflers

By FREDERICK ORIN BARTLETT

Illustration by George E. Wolfe

MARJORY did not have time to count a full hundred heart-beats before she heard a light rap at the door. For the fraction of a second she swayed in the fear that, taking the stairs three at a time, Monte might have ventured to her very room. But it would be with no such gentle tap that he would announce himself.

"Yes?" she called.

"A card for madame," came the voice of the garçon.

Her knees still weak, she crossed the room and took the card.

"Madame is in?" queried the boy.

"You will ask Monsieur Covington to wait, and I will be down in a few moments," she replied to the boy.

She called to Marie.

"I have a caller," she announced nervously. "You must make me look as young as possible."

Even if she had grown old inside, there was no reason why she should reveal her secret.

"I am glad," nodded Marie. "Madame should put on a white gown and wear a ribbon in her hair."

"A ribbon!" exclaimed madame. "That would look absurd."

"You shall see."

She was too weak to protest. She was glad enough to sit down and give herself up utterly to Marie.

"Only we must not keep him waiting too long," she said. "Monsieur Covington does not like to be kept waiting."

"It is he!" exclaimed Marie.

"It—it is quite a surprise." Madame blushed.

She folded her hands in her lap and closed her eyes while Marie did her hair and adjusted the ribbon. Then Marie slipped a white gown over her head.

"There," concluded the maid, with satisfaction. "Madame looks as young as the day she was married."

BUT the color that made her look young vanished the moment Marjory started down the stairs alone to meet Monte. Several times she paused to catch her breath; several times she was upon the point of turning back. Then she saw him coming up to meet her. She felt her hand in his.

"Jove!" he was saying, "but it's good to see you again."

"But I don't understand why you are here," she managed to gasp.

"To see you," he answered promptly.

"If that is all, then you should not have come," she declared.

She led the way into the lower reception-room. She did not care to go again into the sun parlor. They had the room to themselves. She sat down and motioned him to a chair at a little distance. He paid no attention to her implied request. With his feet planted firmly, his arms folded, he stood before her while she tried to find some way of avoiding his gaze.

"Peter Noyes has gone," he began.

"Yes," she nodded. "You heard about his eyes?"

"He wrote me."

She looked up swiftly.

"Peter wrote you?" she trembled.

"He told me he had recovered his sight. He told me he was going."

What else had he told? Dimly she waited.

"He said he was going home—out of your life."

He paused a moment, as if expecting her to make some reply. There was nothing she could say.

"It wasn't what I expected," he went on. What else had Peter told him?

"Wasn't there any other way?" he asked.

"I didn't send him home. He—he chose to go," she said.

"Because it wasn't any use for him to remain?"

"I told him the truth," she nodded.

"And he took it like a man!" exclaimed Monte enthusiastically. "I'd like to show you his letter, only I don't know as it would be quite fair to him."

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"I don't want to see it," she cut in. "I—I know I shouldn't."

What else besides his going had Peter told Monte?

"It was his letter that brought me back," he said.

She held her breath. She had warned Peter that if he as much as hinted at anything she had confessed to him, she would lie to Monte. So she should—but God forbid that this added humiliation be brought upon her.

"You see, when I went I expected that he would be left to care for you. With him and his sister here, I knew you wouldn't be alone. I thought they'd stay, or if they went—you'd go with them."

"But why shouldn't I be alone?" she gathered strength to ask.

"Because," he answered quickly, "it isn't good for you. It isn't good for any one. Besides, it isn't right. When we were married I made certain promises, and those hold good until we're unmarried."

"Monte!" she cried.

"As long as Peter was around, that was one thing; now that he's gone—"

"It throws me back on your hands," she interrupted, in an attempt to assert herself. "Please to sit down. You're making your old mistake of trying to be serious. There's not the slightest reason in the world why you should have bothered about me like this."

She ventured to look at him again. His brows were drawn together in a puzzled frown. Dear Monte—it was cruel of her to confuse him like this, when he was trying to see straight.

"It—it isn't any bother," he stammered.

"I should think it was a good deal," she answered, feeling for a moment that she had the upper hand. "Where did you come from to here?"

"Paris."

"You didn't go on to England at all?"

"No."

"Then you didn't get back to your schedule. If you had done that you wouldn't have had any time left to—to think about other things."

"I didn't get beyond the Normandie," he answered. "My schedule stopped short right there."

HE was still standing before her. Apparently he intended to remain. So she rose and crossed to another chair. He followed.

"You should have gone on," she insisted.

"I had my old room—next to yours," he said.

"That was rather sentimental of you, Monte, wasn't it?" she asked lightly.

"I went there as a man goes home," he answered softly.

Her lips became suddenly dumb.

"Then I had a long letter from Peter; the first one."

"He has written you before?"

"He wrote me that he loved you and was going to marry you. That was before he had learned the truth."

"About you?"

"And about you. When he wrote again he said you had told him everything."

So she had; more, far more than she should. What of that had he told Monte?

"How did it happen?" he asked.

"I—I don't know," she faltered. "He guessed a little, and then I had to tell him the rest."

Monte's mouth hardened.

"That shouldn't have been left for you to do. I should have told him myself."

"Now that it's all over—can't we forget it, Monte, with all the rest?"

He bent a little toward her.

"Have you forgotten all the rest?"

"At least, I'm trying," she gasped.

"I wonder if you have found it as hard as I even to try?"

Steady—she must hold herself steady. His words were afire. With her eyes on the ground, she felt his eyes searching her face.

"Whether it is hard or not makes no difference," she answered.

"It's just that which makes all the difference in the world," he contradicted. "I wanted to be honest with myself and with you. So I went away, willing to forget if that were the honest way. But, from the moment I took the train here at Nice, I've done nothing but remember. I've remembered every single minute of the time since I met you in Paris. The present has been made up of nothing but the past. Passing hours were nothing but echoes of past hours.

"I've remembered everything—even things away back that I thought I had forgotten. I dug up even those glimpses I had had of you at Chin's house when you were only a school-girl. And I didn't do it on purpose, Marjory. I'd been glad not to do it, because at the time it hurt to remember them. I thought I'd given you over to Peter. I thought he was going to take you away from me. So I'd been glad enough to forget, if it had been possible."

SHE sprang to her feet.

"What are you saying, Monte?" she trembled.

With his head erect and his eyes shining, he was telling her what her heart hungered to hear. That was what he was doing. Only she must not listen.

"I'm telling you that to forget was not possible," he repeated hotly. "I'm telling you that I shall never try again. I've come back to get you and keep you this time."

He held out his arms to her. She shrank back.

"You're making it so hard," she quavered.

"Come to me," he said gently. "That's the easy way. I love you, Marjory. Don't you understand? I love you with all my heart and soul, and I want you to begin life with me now in earnest. Come, little woman."

He reached her hands and tried to draw her toward him. She resisted with all her strength.

"You mustn't," she gasped. "You mustn't!"

"It's you who're making it hard now, wife o' mine," he whispered.

Yes, she was making it hard. But she must make it still harder. He had come back to her because she was alone, moved temporarily by a feeling of sentimental responsibility. That was all. He was sincere enough for the moment, but she must not confuse this with any deeper passion. He had made a mistake in returning to the Normandie. Doubtless he had felt lonesome there. It was only natural that he should exaggerate that, for the time being, into something more.

Then Peter's two letters had come. If Peter had not told him anything he shouldn't, he had probably told him a great deal more than he should. Monte, big-hearted and good, had, as a consequence of all these things, imagined himself in love. This delusion might last a week or two; and then, when he came to himself again, the rude awakening would follow. He would see her then merely as a trifler. Worse than that, he might see himself as merely a trifler.

"It's you who are making it hard now," he repeated.

She had succeeded in freeing herself, leaving him before her as amazed and hurt as a spurned child.

"You're forcing me to run away from you—to run away as I did from the others," she said.

He staggered before the blow.

"Not that!" he cried hoarsely.

"I'm going home," she ran on. "I'm going back to my little farm, where I started."

"You're running away—from me?"

"I must go, right off."

She looked around as if for Marie. It was as if she were about to start that second.

"Where is Marie?" she asked dully.

She made for the door.

"Marjory," he called after her. "Don't do that! There is no need of that."

"Marie!" she called as she reached the door. "Marie!"

Frantically she ran up the stairs.

WAR!

A summer sky, warm and fragrant, suddenly became dour and overcast. Within a day thunder rolled and lightning flashed. In a few hours men began to gather in uniform, bearing rifles. They posted themselves about the gates of stations. They increased in numbers until they were everywhere. Trumpets sounded, drums rolled. The very air was tense.

War!

People massed in groups. The individual no longer counted. Store-keepers, bankers, dandies, chauffeurs, postmen, gardeners, hotel proprietors became merely Frenchmen. They dropped the clothes that distinguished their caste, and became merely men in uniform.

Foreign visitors no longer counted as individuals. They ran about in panic-stricken groups like vagrant dogs. Those in uniform looked on indifferently, or gave sharp orders turning them back from this road or that, this gate or that. A chauffeur in uniform might turn back his millionaire foreign master.

Credit money no longer counted. Banks refused to give out gold, and the shopkeepers and hotel proprietors refused to accept anything but gold. No one knew what might happen, and refused to risk. A man might brandish a letter of credit for ten thousand francs and be refused a glass of wine. A man with a thousand francs in gold was in a better position than a millionaire with only paper.

Monte discovered this when he hurried to his bankers. With half a million dollars and more to his credit at home, he was not allowed a single louis d'or. Somewhat bewildered, he stood on the steps and counted the gold he happened to have in his pockets. It amounted to some fifty dollars. To all intents and purposes, that embraced his entire capital. His fortune temporarily had been swept away.

If that was true of his own, it must be equally true of Marjory's. She was no wealthier now than the sum total of the gold she happened to have in her possession. The thought came to him at first as a shock. What was she going to do? She was upon the point of leaving, and her plans must have been suddenly checked. She was, in effect, a prisoner here.

Then some emotion—some feeling indistinctly connected with the grandfather who had crossed the plains in '49—swept over him. It was a primitive exultation. It made him consciousness of the muscles in his back and legs. It made him throw back his head and square his shoulders. A moment before, with railroads and steamships at her command, with a hundred men standing ready to do her bidding in response to the magic of her check-book, she had been as much mistress of her little world as any ancient queen. Now, overnight, this had been changed.

THE blood rushed to Monte's head. He must get to her at once. She would need him now—if only for a little while. He must carry her home. She could not go without him.

He started down the steps of the bank, two at a time, and almost ran against her.

"She should have let him go, but the spell was so thick that, once he was behind it, she would feel terribly alone."

She was on her way to the bank as he had been, in search of gold. Her eyes greeted him with the welcome her lips would not.

"You see!" he exclaimed, with a quick laugh. "When you need me I come."

She was dressed in the very traveling costume she had worn when they left Paris together. She was wearing, too, the same hat. It might have been yesterday.

"They refused my check at d'Angleterre," she explained nervously. "They say they must have gold."

"Have you any?" he asked.

"One louis d'or."

"And I have ten," he informed her.

She did not understand why he should be so exultant over this fact.

"I have come here to get enough to pay my bill and buy my ticket. I am leaving this morning."

"They won't give you any," he explained. "Besides, they won't carry you on the train unless you put on a uniform."

"Monte!"

"It's a fact."

"Then—what am I to do?"

She looked quite helpless—deliciously helpless.

He laughed joyously.

"You are bankrupt," he said. "So am I. We have only fifty-five dollars between us. But that is something. Also there is the machine. That will take us over the Italian frontier and to Genoa. I ought to be able to sell it there for something. Come on."

"Where?" she asked.

"We must get the car as soon as possible. I have a notion that with every passing hour it is going to be more difficult to get out."

"But I'm not going with you, Monte. It's—it's impossible!"

"It's the only way, little woman."

He gave her no time to argue about it, but took her arm and hurried her to the garage. It was necessary to walk. Taxis were as if they had never been. They passed groups of soldiers who turned to look at Marjory. She was very glad she was not alone.

AT the door of the garage stood a soldier in uniform. As Monte attempted to pass, he was brought to a halt.

"It is not permitted to pass," explained the guard.

"But I want to get my car."

"I'm afraid monsieur has no car."

"Eh?"

"They have all been taken for *la patrie*."

"You mean my machine has been confiscated!"

"Borrowed, perhaps. After the victory—"

The guard shrugged his shoulders.

Monte shrugged his own shoulders. Then he laughed.

"After all," he said, "that is little enough to do for France. Inform the authorities they are welcome."

He saluted the guard, who returned the salute. Again he took Marjory's arm, and turned toward the hotel.

"There is nothing to do but to walk," he declared.

"Where?"

She could not understand his mood. It was as if this were a holiday instead of a very serious plight.

"Over the border. It is only some twenty-five miles. We can do it easily in two days; but even if it takes three—"

Even if it took a hundred, what did it matter, with her by his side? And by his side she must remain until her credit was restored. With only one louis d'or in her pocket, she was merely a woman, with all the limitations of her sex. She could not take to the open road alone. She did not have the physical strength that dictated the law for vagabonds.

Dumbly she followed his pace until they reached the hotel. The place was in confusion and the proprietor at his wits' end. In the midst of it, Monte was the only one apparently unmoved.

"Pack one small hand-bag," he ordered. "You must leave your trunks here."

"Yes, Monte," she submitted.

"I'll run back to the Rosea, and meet you here in a half hour. Will you be ready?"

"Yes. Marie will come with us, of course."

He shook his head.

"She must wait here until she can get to Paris. Find out if she has any cash."

"I want her to come with me," she pleaded.

"I doubt if she will want to come. Anyway, our fifty-five dollars won't stretch to her. We—we can't afford a maid."

She flushed at his use of "we." Nevertheless, what he said was true enough. That sum was a mere pittance. Fate had her in a tight grip.

"Be sure to bring your passport," he reminded her. "It is ten-thirty. I'll be here at eleven."

Hurrying back to his room, he took what he could crowd into his pockets: his safety razor and tooth-brush, a few handkerchiefs and a change of socks. One did not need much on the open road. He carried his sweater—the old crimson sweater with the black H—more for her than for himself. The rest of his things he threw into his trunk and left in the care of the hotel.

She was waiting for him when he returned to d'Angleterre.

"You were right about Marie," she acknowledged. "She has two brothers in the army. She has money enough for her fare to Paris, and is going as soon as possible."

"In the meanwhile she is safe enough here. So, *en avant!*"

He took her bag, and they stepped out into the sunshine.

IT was the Cornice road he followed—the broad white road that skirts the sea at the foot of the Alpes Maritimes. As far as Monte Carlo, he had walked it alone many the time. But he had never walked it with her, so it was a new road. It was a new world too, and as far as he was concerned there was no war. The blue sky overhead gave no hint of war; neither did the Mediterranean; neither did the trees full of singing birds; neither did the grasses and flowers; and these things, with the woman at his side, comprised, for the moment, his whole world. It was the world as originally created for man and woman. All that he was leaving behind—banks and hotels and taxis and servants and railroads—had nothing to do with the primal idea of creation. They were all extraneous. The heavens, the earth, the waters beneath the earth, man and woman created He them. That was all. That was enough.

Once or twice, alone in his camp in the Adirondacks, Monte had sensed this fact. With a bit of food to eat, a bit of tobacco to smoke in his old briar, a bit of ground to lie down upon at night, he had marveled that men found so many other things necessary to their comfort. But, after a week or two of that, he had always grown restless, and hurried back to New York and his club and his man servants. In turn he grew restless there, and hurried on to the still finer luxuries of the German liners and the Continent.

That was because he was lonesome—because she had not been with him. It was because—how clearly he saw it now!—he had never been complete by himself alone. He had been satisfying only half of himself. The other half he had tried to quiet with man-made things, with the artificial products of civilization.

He had thought to allay that deep, undefined hunger in him with travel and sports and the attentions of hirelings. It had been easy at first; but, keen as nimble wits had been to keep pace with his desires with an ever-increasing variety of luxuries, he had exhausted them all within a decade and been left unsatisfied.

To-day it was as if with each intake of breath the sweet air reached for the first time the most remote corners of his lungs.

He had never before had air enough. The sunshine reached to the marrow of his bones. Muscles that had lagged became vibrant. He could hardly keep his feet upon the ground. He would have liked to run; to keep on running mile after mile. He wondered when he would tire. He had a feeling that he could never tire. His back and arm muscles ached for action. He would have enjoyed a rough-and-tumble fight with some impudent fellow vagabond of the road.

MARJORY walked by his side in silence. That was all he asked—simply that she should be there at his left, dependent upon him. Here was the nub of the matter. Always before she had been able to leave him if she wished. She had married him upon that condition. There had never been a moment, until now, when he had not been conscious of the fact that he was in no way necessary to her. The protection against Teddy and the others was merely a convenience. He had been able to save her from annoyance, that was all. At any time on that ride from Paris she could have left him and gone on her way quite safely. At Nice, that was just what she had done. It was to save her from the annoyance of himself that he had finally gone away.

Had he been really needed that would have been impossible. But he knew she could get along without him as she did. Then when Peter had gone it was more because he needed her than because she needed him that he had returned. Down deep in his heart he knew that, whatever he may have pretended. She was safe enough from everything except possible annoyance. With plenty of gold at her command, there was nothing he could buy for her that she could not buy for herself.

Now she had no gold—except one louis d'or. He was almost jealous of that single piece. He would have been glad if she lost it. If he had seen it drop from her bag, he would have let it lie where it fell.

She was merely a woman now. The muscles in her arms and legs were not strong. Because of that she could not leave his side, nor order him to leave. She must look to him to fight for her if fighting were necessary. She must look to him to put his strong arm about her and help her if she grew weary. She must look to him to provide her with food and shelter for the night. Physically she was like a child out here on the open road. But he was a man.

He was a man because he had something to protect. He was a man because he was responsible for some one besides himself. It was this that the other half of him had been craving all these years. It was this that completed him.

Yet his attitude toward her, in this respect, was strangely impersonal. He was looking for no reward. He did not consider that he was placing her in any way under an obligation to him. His joy in doing for her was not based upon any idea of furthering his own interests. He was utterly unselfish.

His love for her was another matter entirely. Whether she were with him or not, that would have remained the same. He loved her with all there was in him, and that was more or less distinct from any attitude she might assume. It was a separate, definite, concrete fact, no longer open to argument—no longer to be affected by any of the petty accidents of circumstance. Not even she had now any control over it. It was within her power to satisfy it or not; but that was all. She could not destroy it. If she left it unfulfilled, then he must endure that, as Peter had.

Peter was not sorry that he loved her, and Peter—why, Peter did not have the opportunity to sense more than the first faint beginnings of the word love. Peter had not had those weeks in Paris in which to get to know her; he had not had that wonderful ride through sunny France with Marjory by his side; and Peter had had nothing approaching such a day as this.

Monte turned to look at her. They had passed through Villefranche, and were now taking the up grade. The exercise had flushed her cheeks, giving her back the color she had lacked in the last few weeks. Her eyes were upon the ground, as if she did not dare raise them. Her face always seemed younger when one did not see the eyes. Asleep, she could not have looked over twenty. He marveled at how delicately feminine her forehead and nose were. And the lips—he could not look very long at her lips. Warm and full of curves, they tugged at his heart. They roused desire. Yet, had it been his blessed privilege to touch them with his own, he would have been very gentle about it. A man must needs always be gentle with her, he thought.

That was why he must not utter the phrases that burned within. It would only frighten her, and he must see that she was never frightened again. To himself he might say as much as he pleased, because she could not hear. He could repeat to himself over and over again, as he did now, "I love you—I love you—I love you."

ALOUD, however, he said only:

"Are you tired?"

She started even at that.

"No, Monte," she answered.

"We can rest any time you wish. We have all the time in the world ahead of us."

"Have we?"

"Days and weeks and months," he replied.

It was the old Monte she heard—the easy, care-free Monte. It made her feel easier.

"We should cross the border by to-morrow night, shouldn't we?" she asked.

"We could, if it were necessary," he admitted.

She quickened her pace unconsciously.

"I think we should get there as soon as possible."

"That," he said, "would be like hurrying through Eden."

She ventured to glance up at him. With his lean, strong face to the sun, his lithe body swinging rhythmically to his stride, he looked like an Indian chieftain. So he would have stalked through virgin forests. So, under different conditions, she might have been following his lead. But conditions were as they were. That is what she must keep in mind. He was here merely to escort her safely to Italy and to the station in which she was soon to sail for home. He was being decent to her, as under the same conditions he would be to any woman. He could scarcely do less. She was forced upon him.

That he apparently took pleasure in the episode was natural enough. It was just the sort of experience he enjoyed. It was another pleasant excursion like the motor trip from Paris, with a touch of adventure added to give it spice. Possibly in his present mood there was also a trace of romance. Monte had his romantic side, based upon his quick sympathies. A maiden in distress was enough to rouse this. That was what happened yesterday when he had told her of his love. He had been sincere enough for the moment, and no doubt believed everything he said. He had not given himself quite time enough to get back to his schedule. With that in good running order he would laugh at his present folly.

For she must remember that Monte had not as yet touched either the heights or the depths of love. It was in him to do that, but she must see to it that he did not. That was her task. Love as he saw it now was merely a pleasant garden in May. It was a gypsy jaunt along the open road where it was pleasant enough to have her with him as he whistled along. A day or a week or a month or two of that was well enough, as he had said. Only she—she could not last that long. To-day and to-morrow at the utmost was as much as she could endure, with every minute a struggle to whip back her emotions. Were it safe, she would try to keep it up for his sake. If without danger she could keep him happy this way, not allowing him to go any further, she would try. With her lips set, she stumbled along the Corniche road by his side.

At five that evening they had made half their journey and stopped at a wayside inn—the inn of L'Agneau Dansant. On a squeaking sign before the ancient stone structure, which looked as if it must have been there in the days of postchaises, a frolicsome lamb danced upon his hind legs, smiling to all who passed there an invitation to join him in this innocent pastime.

"That fellow has the proper spirit," Monte declared. "Shall we place ourselves in his care?"

"I'm afraid I can't go any farther," Marjory answered wearily.

Monsieur Soucin came out, looking to be in anything but the mood of the gay lamb before his door.

"Two rooms, a little supper, and some breakfast," explained Monte. "But we must strike a bargain. We have very little gold and a long way to go."

"I have but a single louis d'or," put in madame.

"Monsieur! Madame!" interrupted Soucin. "I am sorry, but I can not accommodate you at any price. In the next village a regiment of soldiers have arrived. I have had word that I must receive here ten officers. They come at seven."

"But look here—madame is very tired," frowned Monte.

"I am sorry," answered Soucin.

"Doubtless the next village in that case is without accommodations also," said Monte. "We will strike no bargain. Name your price up to ten louis d'or; for madame must rest."

Soucin shook his head.

"I am giving up my own room. I must sleep in the kitchen—if I sleep at all."

Marjory had sunk down on a bench by the door. Monte stared up the road and down the road. There was no other house in sight.

"You could not find a bed for madame even for ten louis d'or?"

"Not for a thousand, m'sieur. If there are no beds, there are no beds."

Yet there was room enough thereabouts. Behind the inn an olive orchard extended up a gentle incline to a stone wall. Over this the sun was descending in a blaze of glory.

"The orchard behind the house is yours?" Monte asked.

"Yes, m'sieur."

"Then," said Monte, "if you will spare us a few blankets, madame and I will sleep there."

"Upon the ground?"

"Upon the blankets," smiled Monte.

"Ah, m'sieur is from America!" exclaimed Soucin, as if that explained everything.

"Truly."

"And it is so the Indians sleep, I have read."

"You have read well. But we must have supper before the officers arrive. You can spare some bread and cheese?"

"I will do that."

"Then make it ready at once. And some coffee?"

"Yes, m'sieur."

Monte returned to madame.

"I have engaged two rooms in the olive orchard," he announced.

THE situation was absurd, but what could be done about it? France was at war, and there would be many who would sleep upon the ground who had never slept there before. Many, too, in the ground. Still, the situation was absurd—that Marjory, with all her thousands of dollars, should be forced to sleep out of doors. It gave her a startling sense of helplessness. She had been before in crowded places, but the securing of accommodations was merely a matter of increasing the size of her check. But here, even if one had a thousand louis d'or, that would have made no difference. Officers of the army of France were not to be disturbed by the tinkle of gold. With a single gold piece, moreover, one could not even make a tinkle.

She went into the inn to make herself tidy before supper; but she hurried back to Monte as quickly as possible. Out of sight of him she felt as lost as a child in a forest. She had nothing to lean upon now but him. Without him here she would scarcely have had even identity. Her name, except as signed to a check, meant nothing. To have announced herself as Miss Marjory Stockton, or even as Madame Covington, would have left the soldiers of France merely smiling. To her sex they might have paid some deference, but to her sex alone. She was not anything except as she was attached to Monte—as a woman under the protection of her man.

This did not humble her. Her first clean, unguarded emotion was one of pride. Had it been her privilege to let herself go, she would have taken her place near him with her eyes afire—with her head held as proudly as any queen.

If she could only let herself go! As she came into the smoky old tavern room and he stepped forward to meet her, she swayed a little. He looked so big and wholesome and eager with his arms outstretched! They were alone here. It would have been so easy just to close her eyes and let her head rest against his shoulder—so easy and restful. He would have kissed her hair, and the ache would all have gone from her body and heart. He would draw her close and hold her tight—yes, for a day or two or a month or two. Then he would remember that week in which she had trifled with him, and he would hate her.

She pulled herself together.

"Is supper ready?"

It was such an inane remark! He turned aside like a boy who has been snubbed.

Monsieur Soucin had provided bread and cheese, a salad, and coffee. It was enough. She had no appetite. She took much more satisfaction in watching Monte and in pouring his coffee.

"Soucin lent a mattress, which I have arranged just the other side of the wall. That is your room. With plenty of blankets you should be comfortable enough there," he said.

"And you?" she inquired.

"I am on this side of the wall," he replied gravely.

MONSIEUR SOUCIN was hovering about nervously. He wished to have everything cleared away before the officers arrived, and they would be here now in half an hour. He was solicitous about madame.

"It is a great pity that madame should sleep out of doors," he said. "It makes my heart ache. But, with monsieur to guard her, at least madame will be safe."

"You have done as well as you could," Monte reassured him. "We shall probably rise early and be on our way before the soldiers, so—"

Monte slipped into his hand a gold piece. It was too much from one point of view, and yet from another it was little enough. Soucin had unwittingly made an arrangement for which Monte could not pay in money.

"And my share?" inquired Marjory.

"One louis d'or," answered Monte unblushingly.

She fumbled in her bag and brought it out—the last she had. And Monte, in his reckless joy, handed that over also to Soucin. The man was too bewildered to do more than bow as he might before a prince and princess.

Monte led her up the incline through the heavy-leaved olive trees to her couch against the wall. It had been made up as neatly as in any hotel, with plenty of blankets and a pillow for her head.

"If you wish to sleep at once," he said, "I'll go back to my side of the wall."

She hesitated. The wall was man-high and so thick that once he was behind it she would feel terribly alone.

"Or, better still," he suggested, "you lie down and let me sit and smoke here. I'll be quiet."

It was a temptation she would have resisted had she not been so tired physically. As it was, half numbed with fatigue, she removed her hat and lay down between the blankets.

To be continued next week

WAR WIDOWS

© E. O. Hoppé

TO be a war widow is almost the common lot of English noblewomen, because their husbands, going to war at the first call and taking their Eton and Harrow ideas of good sportsmanship into the trenches with them, have seemed almost impatient to show the Tommies how to die like true English gentlemen. When Lady Violet Manners, the daughter of a duke and duchess, was married to Lord Elcho, the Queen was so pleased with the wedding that she kissed the bride publicly

© International Film Service

WHEN Camille Clifford married the Honorable Henry Lyndhurst Bruce, the disrespectful upper classes called her "the scrubwoman peeress" just because she was once a Swedish second girl in a Boston family. Her husband was killed at Ypres, and his widow is now the comfort of her father-in-law's old age—an odd old gentleman who had detectives collect all the extant photographs of Mrs. Bruce in a parlor-maid's uniform, at a cost of $125,000

© E. O. Hoppé.

LADY JULIET DUPP is prominent at the meetings of the Women's War Economy. For she stands well over six feet in her French heels. Here is the rare aristocratic beauty artists say—violet eyes, dudaloful brows, and a radiant complexion. She wrote the five commandments of the W. W. Economy: "1. No presents. 2. No new motors. 3. No unnecessary traveling. 4. No superfluous servants. 5. No drinks till we have won." Her husband was killed in France three weeks after succeeding to his title

WHEN she married Geoffrey, just turned nineteen, the son and heir of Sir Weetman Pearson, she was a very young chorus girl with forget-me-not blue eyes and a North Country accent. Sir Weetman, the English contractor-peer was in Mexico at the time backing the Standard Oil with some of his own millions. Though the marriage was a shocking surprise to him, when he returned to England he met the situation in the way he knew best—made a contract. Under its terms his new daughter went traveling with a companion for two years on the Continent to lose her accent and to learn cathedral architecture, while Geoffrey waited in England until he was a stalwart voter. When the marriage was made public no peer could have hoped for a more exquisite daughter-in-law. Geoffrey is now buried on the Marne battle-field.

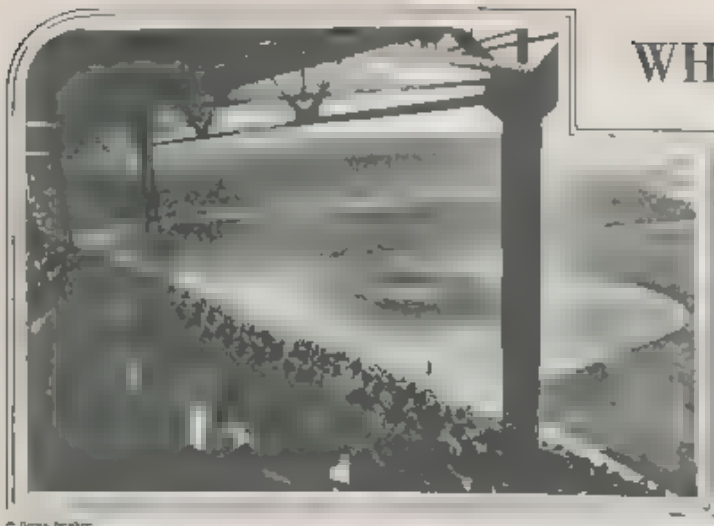
Photograph by E. O. Hoppé

IT'S hard to believe, but Lady Newborough, a war widow who pays a yearly war cess of $50,000, was brought up by hand in a frame house just outside the city limits of Louisville. Before she was twenty international society columns were commenting on her "wild-rose beauty, her gown of wild roses, pink silk, with lace and wild roses in a lace hat." She has given up this world's vanities to wear rebel necklaces—even one jeweled cigarette-holder she won as a prize from a Russian prince for blowing rings.

SHE is the daughter of an Irish knight of Kerry by granddaughter of a Jewish banker of Vienna, and the widow of Lord Richard Wellesley whose ancestor Wellington accomplished so much for England at the battle of Waterloo. Lord Richard, wearing both the Queen's medal and the King's medal, was killed at the beginning of the war somewhere in South Africa. He left this young war widow spending her grandfather's Austrian money for England.

© E. O. Hoppé

WHAT ROCKEFELLER MIGHT

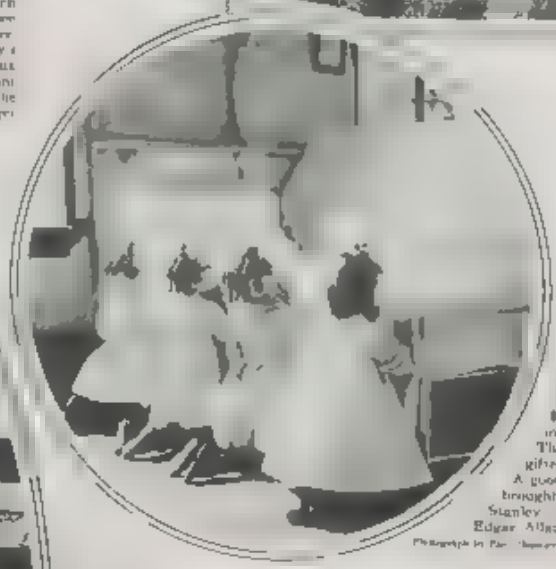


© Bain Studios

EVERY morning when John D. Rockefeller's alarm clock goes off he has $37,838 more than he had the day before. That is about five times as much a year as King George finds in his stocking. It was enough to make John D. a target for envy to figure on how to spend so much money. And as Mr. Rockefeller was cheerfully admitting a few days ago, he never knew how, with one day's income, he could buy a big baseball game all for his own self—193 of 'em, mind you. When the American and National Leagues finished a typical season a few years ago there was only $144,000.53 to divide among all the players. With the salaries you could pay any umpire would be a willing target for at least six pop bottles per day.

Photograph by Paul Thompson

THE only scheme suggested here is that Mr. Rockefeller endow a foundation to disseminate the establishment of cheerful gloom a little more generally—to include, for instance, every Back Bay Bostonese. Should a famine or panic arise, Rockefeller could keep his paws—and his breams—of the country oiled for ten days on a week's four hot hours. As he estimated yearly expenditure of between cents per capita he could keep 2,940,405 people content for a year. Approximately $3,000,000 a year is a trifle less than one tenth of the largest income in the world as open by the United States on chewing gum. We envy a resident now Mars curling his eyebrows and remarking "Ah, a bovine-ringlard race."



Photograph by Paul Thompson

YOU [illegible] upon earning to the [illegible] beside it. If [illegible] Know it he would [illegible] age. But he with [illegible] though he [illegible] girls a chance in [illegible] dollars a year [illegible] would be [illegible]

ONE hundred [illegible] millionaires in the United States [illegible] "Home, [illegible] wear their wives' [illegible] pray in a toilet [illegible] An army of [illegible] 400 go forth annually [illegible] the sales of [illegible] teen and eight cents [illegible] themselves. Allowing [illegible] chance of $35 a year [illegible] $3,780,000 would [illegible] one sixteen [illegible] The same sum would [illegible] gifted orphans [illegible] A good investment. Special [illegible] brought renown [illegible] Stanley, governor Drake [illegible] Edgar Allan Poe.

Photograph by Paul Thompson

IMAGINE the entire population of New York City standing in line for a street car and running in various levels of private hell with an average of 5,000,000 San Francisco [illegible] Washington [illegible] each one with a nickel in his or her hand and you have an opposite picture of the magnitude of Rockefeller's daily income. The fortunate nickel gives you a $12,000 ride on $37,838. The lone and victim would have 29,733 years on the street cars on John's daily pay. An outing for the entire continent of Australia is another possibility.

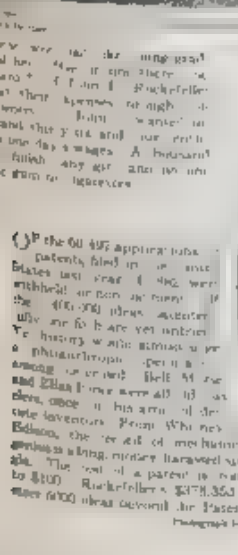
© Bain Studios

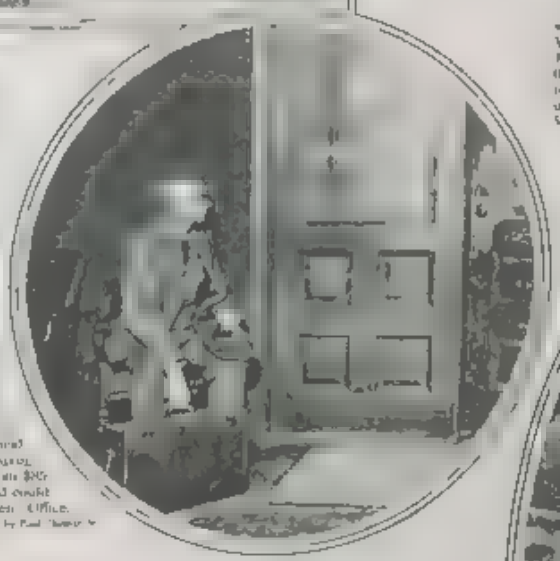
Photograph by Paul Thompson

IWO centuries have dreamed of a new [illegible] fifty million [illegible] arid [illegible] fertile as the Nile lands [illegible] in 1830. The entire engineering world [illegible] Roudaire's scheme. A few years later [illegible] revived the dream. But the canals are still [illegible] Rockefeller could start the project with a [illegible] scheme through on the returns from [illegible]

T DO WITH A DAY'S INCOME

A QUERY: A reader, a rationable [illegible] question: What [illegible] and [illegible] has given [illegible] in charity and shall [illegible] a value [illegible] outside a child has five numbers and seven sets [illegible] in an hour [illegible] warfare. He could quickly [illegible] a quarter [illegible] half a million at Verdun. We are in [illegible] May-apple earnings. There [illegible] has [illegible] M. Rockefeller [illegible] Figure [illegible] it out? The [illegible] is $6,000,000 a day, $4,383,561 an hour, $69,863 a minute. Wall Street figures Rockefeller's income is $37,000,000 a year, $101,851 a day. Two hundred the is a minute at $5000 each; 6,000,000 every 60 seconds—was a single item [illegible] be sold at Verdun.





OF the 60,405 applications for patents filed in the United States last year [illegible] were withheld [illegible] the 60,000 [illegible] who are to be are yet unborn. The history [illegible] a philanthropist [illegible] among [illegible] Bell [illegible] and Ellis Island were all [illegible] eleven, once [illegible] the arm [illegible] Edison, the [illegible] mechanical genius [illegible] side. The [illegible] a parent [illegible] to $40; [illegible] Rockefeller's $417,361 could [illegible] $100. Photograph by Paul Thompson

ROCKEFELLER could [illegible] the way to the North Pole for a young army of explorers. A hundred and fifty thousand dollars will [illegible] a respectable small expedition and a year that sum a pounds and all be comforts of home [illegible] be added. Once a man started out for the Pole on seventy-five dollars. But it was a rash mistake [illegible] be [illegible] prevent anything except [illegible] failure. most sacks are [illegible] Just [illegible] be bought [illegible] while [illegible] a winter in the Arctic regions. Each member of Scott's party spent about fifty dollars for clothes, and he [illegible] $40,000 went for biscuits and scientific instruments.

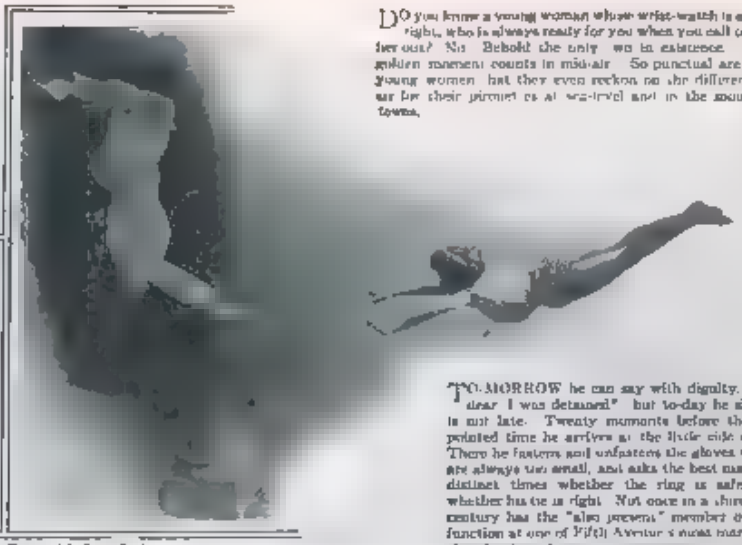
Photograph from [illegible]

[illegible] the Sahara. "One hundred and [illegible] a one inland sea, with banks as [illegible] Poulaire tells the French government [illegible] and he [illegible] the sight of island [illegible] drifting sand, he Sahara is unchanged [illegible] a caravan. He could put the entire [illegible] nine days.

IF one pearl of wonderful [illegible] perfect in color and beauty is worth three thousand dollars, how many necklaces can Rockefeller buy with $37,851 [illegible] each necklace contains as many pearls as Mrs. George [illegible] would be wearing on [illegible] Count the pearls first, dear reader, and then figure it out for yourself. And when you have the answer you can set [illegible] nicety just how many millionaires were made uncomfortable in order to produce those pearls. For pearls are usually [illegible] concretions consisting essentially of carbonate of lime formed when a grain of sand or some foreign substance enters the oyster's shell, much against the oyster's wishes.

PEOPLE WHO CAN'T BE LATE

DO you know a young woman whose wrist-watch is always right, who is always ready for you when you call to take her out? No. Behold the only one in existence. Each golden moment counts in mid-air. So punctual are these young women that they even reckon on the difference in air for their pirouet es at sea-level and in the mountain towns.

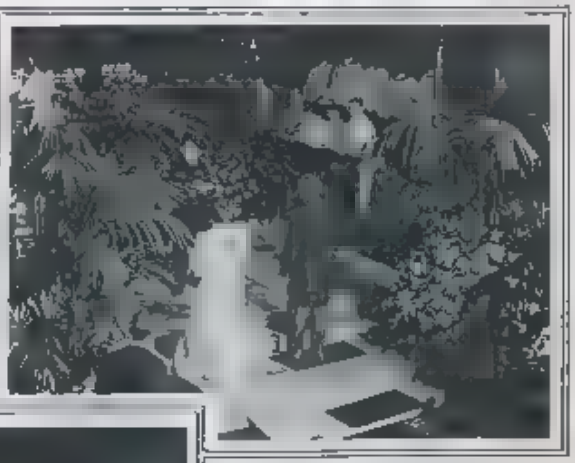


TOMORROW he can say with dignity, "My dear I was detained" but to-day he simply is not late. Twenty moments before the appointed time he arrives at the little side room. There he fusters and unfastens the gloves which are always too small, and asks the best man ten distinct times whether the ring is safe and whether his tie is right. Not once in a third of a century has the "also present" member of this function at one of Fifth Avenue's most fashionable churches been late.

Photograph by Bain's Bureau.

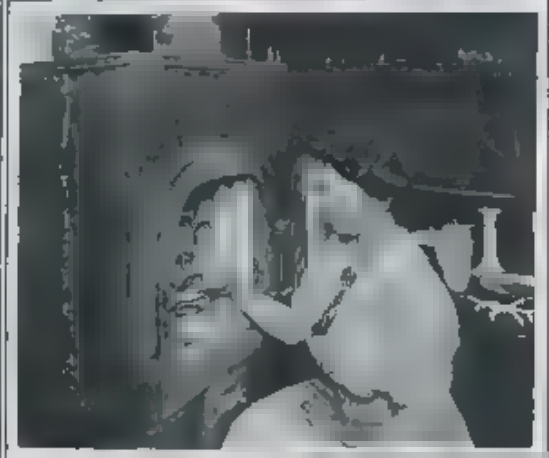
THE 3000 rooms in the new Equitable Building yield a yearly rental of $3,000,000, so the owners were a bit fussy about having their tenants able to move in on time. The construction company agreed to do the job in 365 days exactly and they worked with one eye on the calendar and the other on the considerable penalty clause in their contract. Every bolt was riveted and every ounce of floor-space was lifted into place on time.

Photograph from Thompson-Starrett Company



PEOPLE is a hurry take the train that this man runs from New York to Chicago. They all pay extra for extra speed, and are refunded a dollar for every hour that the train is late. It is nervous work and this engineer is relieved by seven others along the line. Last year their running time was 99 per cent. perfect.

Photograph from New York Central Railroad Company.



MRS. ESTHER A. COSTER knows nothing of the luxury of being late. She will make you a vase that will just tone in with your drawing-room hangings. She times to a second how long the porcelain is in the kiln; for if she dallies too long with her next-door neighbor her punks will be purple and her salt whites will have a black eye. To turn out teas, tea-cups and babies have to have their temperature taken every half hour or so.

© Bain's Bureau.

NO forty winks for these chaps when their alarm goes off. The moment a delay of an over turned book might cost a child's life. Twice in three days, on an average the scramble for the brass pole begins. In New York City, for five days out of six, every hour of the twenty-four these men are at the service of the other fellow—his life and property.

Photograph from P. H. Smyth.

Torchy Takes a Running Jump

By SEWELL FORD

Illustrations by Hazel Roberts

"It's sure a long, long ways from either coast or traffic."

CAN'T it don't sound natural. A merry surprise party is an event that are often listed on the cards, unless it's a spontaneous affair from the eveain' before. But this wasn't a case of a bunch of night-bloomin' gladdies who'd beaten through. Hardly. Although you does have something of a look like the parties you see lined up at Yorkville Court, charged with havin' been rude to taxi drivers; and Mr. Elkins might have been passin' the night on a bakery gratin' with a sportin' extra for a blanket.

We was a long, long ways from either taxis or traffic cops, though. We was on Nupon Seem Key with the Gulf of Mexico murmurin' gentle behind us, and out in front a big red sun was bleam through the black pines that edge the west coast of Florida. Five of us, includin' Vee and Captain Rupert Killain and me, and each in our own peculiar way was registerin' the Pollyanna-Ars Wigga stuff.

Why not? For one thing, it's about as handsome a December mornin' as you could dream of, with a clean, salty smell of ozone you a romantic bunch every sniff you pass in.

But the big reason for this early morn joy-fest of ours— Well, there's the pirate treasure, almost enough to load a pushcart with!

You know how you feel when you pluck a stray quarter from the L stairs [illegible] hide-and-seek in the gutter [illegible] offered [illegible] that had been wished on you at ten a share, as in the same day. Then you'll have a vague idea of how shirky we was at 5:30 a. m. as we stood around in front of that mound we'd torn up [illegible] heap of loot and [illegible]

SIMPLE way to pass the time, eh? But somehow we couldn't seem to take it in that we'd actually done the trick. I know I couldn't. I've always kidded myself along, too, that I was something of a speed artist when it came to framin' up [illegible]

I expect we ain't [illegible] ourselves to [illegible] But when we [illegible] James [illegible] such hair-trigger propositions, after all. We catches ourselves doin' the open-face act, while the little stranger idea stands [illegible] patient on the wood.

Course, treasure-huntin' was just what had lured us so far from home. For nearly three weeks, now, that had been the big notion. But crusin' around in a yacht lookin' for pirate gold as sort of a freaky lark is one thing, while actually diggin' it out and [illegible] you on the sand is another.

Maybe Captain Killain was [illegible] to carry the game clear far [illegible] cooky enough for that. But it's plain to see that Auntie and Mr. Elkins has been playin' a long shot just for the sport of holdin' a ticket and watchin' the wheel go.

As for me and Vee, we'd pooh-poohed the idea consistent from the very start, and had only been in to along towards the last because we'd happened to be useful. I don't know that we was any more staggered though, than the rest of 'em. Take sure sign has Old Hickory and Auntie was excited was the fact that they'd begun callin' each other by their given names.

[illegible] says he, "we've done [illegible] achieved adventure."

"In spite of our gray hairs, eh, Ma- [illegible]" says she.

"In spite of everything," says Old Hickory. "True, we haven't been shipwrecked [illegible] hurricane, or spilled any gore. But we have our share a lot of ridicule. If the whiskered old sinners who did away this stuff had met as much they might have given up piracy in disgust. Who [illegible]

WITH that Mr. Elkins sighs the end from a fat black cigar jams his hands in his pockets, and spreads his feet wide.

He's returned in a flannel outing shirt open at the neck, and a pair of khaki trousers stuffed into hip rubber boots with the tops turned down. Also his grizzly hair is combed and his face [illegible] covered up with soot or something. [illegible] set, if he'd had a patch over one eye and gold rings in his ears he could have qualified as a bold, bad buccaneer. Only there's an amiable [illegible] under them shaggy brows of his, such as I'd never seen here before.

"William," says he, "why don't you [illegible]?"

"I beg pardon?" says Rupert [illegible] "That's [illegible] as he can seem to loosen up [illegible] kind pneumonia, mean?" snorts Old Hickory. "Let's be human. Come, we're all chilled to death, aren't we? Let's make a move about it, then. Torchy, can't you start something appro- [illegible] Yuh-huh. Get [illegible] Yuh-huh, says Old Hickory, stoppin in behind Vee and roarin out the Sagawa paster like a steam siren. "Yuh-huh! Yuh-huh! Come, Captain. Fall in for- ward. Yuh-huh! Yuh-huh!"

Would you believe it? Well, I does. I never thought it was in the old girl. But say, there she is, her gray hair streamin down over her shoulders, her skirts gathered up on either side, and [illegible] it out the yelps easy and joyous. Even Rupert has a grin and joins in.

Round and round that treasure heap we pranced, like as many East Side kids round a May-pole in Central Park, with the yuh-huhs comin' faster and louder until finally Auntie stumps on the sand and unearths the only real genuine laughs I've ever known her to be guilty of. No wonder Vee stops and rushes over [illegible]

"Why, Auntie!" says Vee. "What's the matter?"

"Joy, my!" says Auntie, breathin' hard and chucklin in between. "Why, my dear child, I haven't done anything so absurd as this since—since I was forty and—and it has done me a world of good, I'm sure."

What do you know about that? Admits she carried on as late as forty! I'm sure I'd supposed she was born sewlin about the time tabasco sauce was invented.

Well, once more I got to revise my ideas about her. Maybe she ain't any fresher or underneath than the rest of us.

"Allow me, Cornelia, to present you with the palm," says Mr. Elkins, handin her a palmetto leaf. "As a war dancer you betray evidences of previous [illegible] ebony. Doesn't she, Torchy?"

"I'll bet she could have had Mrs. Sitton Bull crowded into the back drop," says a grumpin.

And Auntie returns [illegible]

YOU might know it would be Rupert who'd break the spell.

"I am wondering," says he, "just how we are going to get all [illegible]

[illegible]

Ah, say, I protests. No alibi [illegible] Mr. Elkins slappin me encouragin' on the shoulder. "Stren- gth is what we want from you, young man. Plenty of it [illegible] of yours. We'll [illegible] us.

And of course, Jay-baited up that way by the big boss and with Vee gazin at me expectant, I had to produce [illegible] and for any info I'll get out," I asks.

"Absolutely," says he.

So we gets to work with the dozen or more canvas sacks that Rupert has been foxy enough to bring along. In the bottom we puts a shovelful of sand, then we dumps in the gold pieces and jewels promiscuous, an more sand on top, not fillin any sack more'n half. That made em easy to handle, and when they was tossed into the launch there was no suspicious jingle or anything like that.

"When I've duded myself in a fresh Palm Beach suit and a soft-collared shirt, I'm feelin' like Winnie Willie."

Half an hour later we was chuggin [illegible] from the little natural jack-pot that we'd opened so successful, headed for the Agnes. And, believe me, the old yacht looks mighty homey and invitin' there in the calm of the mornin with all her awnin's upreard and a trickle of blue smoke driftin' up from her forward galley.

Any orders?" asks Mr. Elkins, as we starts to run alongside.

"I got a few words to say to them corkscrew sailors the s bouse-cleanin the decks," says I. "I'm goin to ask you to stay in the boat, Mr. Elkins, and look worried. The rest can go aboard, Captain Killain might rout out the chef and get action on an early breakfast."

"Ay, ay, Captain Torchy," says Old Hickory. "Here we are, with a smiling [illegible]

THERE was [illegible] and [illegible] the second [illegible] by the name of Nelse; and while they seems mighty busy with pails and mops and brass-polishers, I notice they all manages to drift over to our side of the yacht. You couldn't exactly accuse them of wearin' grins, but they did look as though something amusin had occurred recent. Which shows we was still doin' duty as human jokes. But the s just what I makes my play on.

[illegible] I can dash up the tariff [illegible] our funnels oaks here, too," says I, "so there'll be no bonehead plays [illegible] hen when I gets em together I tips Nelse he knowin winks.

"You ain't supposed to know a thing about what's been goin on to-night, eh?" I asks.

Nelse, he shrugs his shoulders.

"Aye your know about work," says he, lyin' free and [illegible] swol. [illegible] the wall," says I. "But listen. Nelse, while I put a case to you. Suppose [illegible] d be [illegible] lipped off that if you dug under a [illegible] certain back yard [illegible] something worth [illegible] away?" Ah. [illegible]

And we'll say the neighbors [illegible] wise; they'd watched you go out with your spade and lantern. And after you'd near broke your back diggin you found you'd been buffaloed. Are you follow-in me?

Who says a Swede is all solid noggin from the neck up? Nelse's lop grins, his blue eyes flickers with almost human intelligence. Some of the men smother a [illegible]

"Well," I goes on, "we'll say you was sensitive about it. In order to dark their frivolous remarks when you came

[illegible] enough to bluff it through. [illegible] ing something [illegible] it was only some loose real estate. I don't say you would, mind you. You got such an honest cash-register face. But there are shifty parties who could do that and never bat an eye. I ain't [illegible]

I didn't need to. To a man, they glances over the rail at Mr. Elkins.

"Then that's all," says I. "Only you got to lay off with them merry [illegible] accents. Handle me cargo prompt and reverent, and stow 'em in the main cabin where you're told. If you do it well I expect there'll be more or less in it for all of you. Now, then, got your cues, have you?"

They salutes respectful.

"Then get busy with the stevedore stuff," says I.

SAY, if they'd been coached by a stage manager they couldn't have done better. Course I did watch on passin' the wink to each [illegible] the deck hold o' a sack tender between 'em—but that was when they knew nobody but me could see. While they was down in Old Hickory had his [illegible] boy was as solemn as pall-bearers. But I'll bet it wasn't many [illegible] after they got to their quarters before the hearty haw-haw [illegible] different languages.

Meanwhile Auntie and Mr. Elkins has been lookin' on without gettin' the plot of the piece.

"I must say," Auntie [illegible] out with, "that I see no very subtle strategy about that performance. Those men must be suspected. Who did they think they were carrying on board so carefully?"

"Sand," says I.

"Huh!" grunts Old Hickory.

"You said you'd stand for it. [illegible]

"And all you owe on it about [illegible] apiece for helpin' you say [illegible]

"My face, eh," says Old H[illegible]

"Some one had to be the [illegible]

"Why, to be sure," cuts [illegible] beamin' good-natured again. "And I think Torchy managed it very cleverly."

"Thanks, Mrs. Hemingaway," says I. "Maybe you'll do as much for the [illegible] one oh."

"Why—er—certainly. I will [illegible] on her breakfast."

I had just sense enough to let it ride at that for you can't push a thing [illegible] far before breakfast. But I didn't mean to let this grand little idea of [illegible] grow cold. It struck me that, if ever I was goin' to call for a show-down from Auntie, this was the day.

So when I finally turned in for a forenoon nap, I was busier plottin' out just how it ought to be done than I was at makin' up lost sleep. I ain [illegible] them that can romp around all [illegible] though, and then do the restful toss on the hay for very long after I've hit the pillow. First thing I knew, I was prying my eyes open to find that [illegible] almost 1:30 p. m. and with the sun beamin' straight down on the deck overhead. I don't need to turn on any steam heat in the state-room.

A good house in a tubful of salty Gulf water wakes me up all over, and when I've doffed myself in a fresh Palm Beach suit and a soft-collared shirt I'm feelin' like Winnin' Willie.

AS it happens, Vee and I has the luncheon table to ourselves that day, neither Auntie nor Mr. Elkins havin' shown up and the others bein' all through. And somehow Vee always does have that look of well-as-though-she'd-just-blown-from-the-rose-garden. You know kind of clean and crisp and bouyouethey. Maybe it's that pinky-white complexion of hers, or the simple way she dresses. Anyway she looks good enough to eat. Don't go to tell 'em so, though.

"Torchy," says she [illegible]

"Wrong on two counts, young lady," says I, linkin' her confidential as I passes. "Really," says she, drawin' her back a grapefruit. "Just how?"

"It's afternoon, for one item," says I. "And say why not ditch that juvenile 'Torchy, Torchy'? Seems to me I [illegible] mistered to-day. Some one ought to [illegible] "Why [illegible] day?" says she.

I was a sin if the dumb-dora steward [illegible] faded, and then I remarks haughty: "Maybe it ain't come to you that I'm a bachelor now."

"Silly!" says I as. "The other finger."

"Pooh," says Vee. "You're not a bit richer than I."

"Hey, page the auditor, comp. ee!" I. "How wrong do you silly on?"

"I'm sure I don't know," says she. "Did her do [illegible] Miss Torchy."

"Oh, yes. I do," says I. "I've got just [illegible]

Vee runs on the ti, of her curtis a [illegible]

"That's the sort of disposition," says [illegible] where does with not hair behind yourself!" says I. "What kind of a scramble has the [illegible] gone to-day?"

"You'd better order soft-boiled," says Vee. "I'll open them for you."

"Will you?" says I. "Just this once, or does that stand?"

"This [illegible] is so abrupt!" says Vee, smilerin'.

"You tell it well," says I. "Just as though I hadn't been doin' [illegible] dodge the pot. But what chance has a man got when he's cornered at breakfast and she offers to—Ouch!"

Vee springs one of them boarding-school tricks of hers, shootin a teaspoonful of water accurate across the table.

"Rough-houser!" says I, moppin my eye with the napkin. "If your Auntie can't train you, maybe she'll let me try."

"Oh, no doubt she would," says Vee.

"I might ask her," I suggests.

"I'd love to be around when you do," says she, rollin her eyes impish.

"Meanin' I wouldn't dare eh?" says I.

Vee only dabbles her pink fingers-ends in the little glass bowl and chuckles like she was remembering' something funny.

"Suppose I did and got away with it?" I asks.

Vee gives me a quizzin glance from her gray eyes, one of the kind that sort of warms ye up under my vest.

"I wouldn't deserve you with the Victoria Cross," [illegible]

"But would you take a chance on the results?" I asks.

"One of the silly things I've learned from you," says Vee, lowerin' her eyelids fetchin', "is how to take a [illegible]

"You" says I, startin' to do it over the table.

"Hush" says she, wavin the back [illegible] "here comin' your re[illegible]

Say what went on durin the rest of the day I couldn't tell. I expect was a good deal, for some kind of an afternoon we'd been havin right along, but to it was three X double A with the hand playin'. I was light in the head and I had springs in my heels. Everything and everybody looked good to me.

I jollied Old Hickory [illegible] tip the sailors [illegible] aboard, and threw in some of [illegible] cigars just by way of believin my feelin's. Whenever I passed Cap [illegible] Killain I hummered him on [illegible] future and told him he sure was some discoverer. I even let Mrs. Mumford feed me an earful about how the late dear Mr. Mumford always remembered to send home a bunch of roses on their wedding [illegible] Rather than resist the sense himself I suppose.

But when it come to playin opposite Auntie—say I was right here with Jo Percy-boy stuff, givin' her a hand up the stairs when she came on deck, lendin [illegible] kindly how she looked mighty [illegible] after an all-night session such as we'd had. That kind of smooth stuff. I had the inside of a banana peel workin like a nut-[illegible]

Auntie falls for it, too. She has me whisper in her ear just where the treasure is stowed and how complete we'd thrown the crew off the trail. I works up that sketch of my talk with the Swede second mate until I had her shoulders [illegible]

"What a boy [illegible] says she [illegible]

[illegible]

It's [illegible]

We do grow up, you know," says I. "It's a habit we have. And now how about a glass of that iced pineapple the steward fixes so well? Sure! Learnin [illegible] was when she got me to [illegible] a skein of yarn for her. As Old Hickory s'not by and sees me with my hands stuck out, though he was goin to swallow his cigar.

STILL, I couldn't get just the right one. Not that I'd stopped out any thing definite. I only knew I had something [illegible] but I couldn't spring it unless I got the proper hunch. So the afternoon petered [illegible] the sun dropped into the Gulf and folks began disappearin to dress for dinner.

The word had been passed that [illegible] was to be a special event to-night, so it's full white flannels for the men and evenin gowns for the ladies. You see, we hadn't told the outsiders a word. In fact they didn't even know we'd been away from the yacht durin the night.

It's a swell feed the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

WHAT SCIENCE IS DOING

To Roll This Old World Along

PORTABLE DAYLIGHT FOR THE MOVIES

T

for a picture.

the dynamite was in a

away a few hundred feet, for safety's sake, before he pressed the But the dynamite didn't The camera-men were on a dear life, and

Here is a motor-truck with a powerful el

who are caught out "on location" after dark.

that moment of real danger. But his head bobbed up from the hatchway a minute, and he got away safely

The latest development of behind-the-

it must in the rawhide had to decide in a hurry and his decision was to climb ed with all that high explosive and It might go off any minute. ody held their breath, with steel and hoped. Hardly ans scene in that picture was so tense as

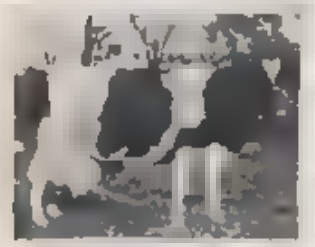
brings daylight to the

sphere, and the

FRIENDS—MEET KATY GERBER

S

this breaks up to and say hello to Katy for us. Never heard of Katy Ger- Katy Gerber, who earns, with



Her name is Katy Gerber, and she is

exceeding $35,000 in fourteen years.

tural journals as ally and ambitiously as we do Katy is a cow—cow with a conscience. Her market value, if she were for sale, would be $10,000. But she is not for longs to the University of It was on until Katy is herd for three years, and is kept, that some one discovered

Now

for the fourteen years of her life up to July first, her financial record, including milk and children sold, shows a clear of $20,885.70. This profit, which round numbers, has

BREAD KEPT FRESH FOR TWO MONTHS

F

privileges of the unsavory English like upon Germans bread containing a large percentage of potato-flo that in letters home sweethearts hastening to parcel post, but, unfort

when it reaches the hungry soldier Thereupon a Parisian baker appeared with a simple pr for preserving the wo mon ba proved by the Bureau ranch, this process has n adopted with great France, two bakeries in Paris alone having

dough is made up as usual, and the loaves put to rise in straight-sided pans. The should, preferably not weigh more

oven. It is allowed to remain a ith sterilization. When wrapped, while still wa sheets of paper wit opposite sides of t securely tied. W

a cool in cool dry are then ated wit

The sort of wrapping paper employed seems not to ma or provided it is strong and of close texture. Generally a lig yellow paper, made of a mixture of chee ical cellulose and wood-pulp, is When the package is finally withdrawn from the oven, it has a very agreeable odor, due to the formation of a caramel s of the paper. Probation of caramel is production of traces

CARRIER BEES

A

stinct or "sense of orientation," and their

will as easy to see or to hit. Of course, their range of flight is not so great as is the bird's. However it is sufficient for, while the bee ordinarily ranges only about two miles from the hive, it is on the

ght and so clean he can't afternoon tea apron

of extravagance, but many power

nearly as cheap as gas

of an electric switch she soon has a plenty for cooking or need her beauty sleep be interrupted, for, by an ingenious arrangement who set he electric switch the night

n the same way. She puts the roast in the oven, adjusts a thermometer and when the roast is done the electric current is automatically turned off. T

LENGTHEN YOUR SHIP, SIR?

IF you own a ship, or several, here is of war in Europe. These rates have resulted in a wholesale dumping upon the Seven Seas of all manner of craft. Decrepit old schooners have been exhumed

latter profits, quite naturally, will she pay

have old w th rigging, but tramp rooms for asunder a few feet a il to their zenith

It took twenty-two hours to split the George E. Warren apart amidships, and twelve days later she steamed out, fifty-two feet longer than when she went in.

with fat latter a all new this business of tearing a ship in half

had gone i

from nameless creeks, patched up and set afloat to carrying cargoes at rates that were drawn apar

"I HAVE NO TIME TO READ"

All Right—We'll Do Your Reading for You. $300 Worth of New Books and Magazines Are Read Every Week for These Two Pages

THE YOUNG WIFE OF VINCENT ASTOR

SHE is young. She has the most expensive insurance, and the fact that some well-informed persons say she is not exactly in love with her husband is explained away in the New York Sun. More than that. Vincent Astor, he of the city [illegible] with rich y sculptured [illegible] she [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

WHY WE DIE YOUNGER THAN OUR ANCESTORS

MEN die younger than they announces Dr Mor[illegible] in the *Medical Herald*. Although child hygiene [illegible] and grandfatherhood they did [illegible] ient are the [illegible] no appetite, who sits at his d[illegible] using the use of tobacco all day and then takes his exercise in h[illegible] s hand to get s and a bad liver [illegible] f this age, we found that 20 were had too high blood howed heart affec[illegible] per cent. of the whole [illegible] know they needed medical advice and treatment.

"If you wish to grow old ventually but not now observe these rules," says Dr Megrat. [illegible] an great in [illegible] dated rooms. Take a daily bath and fifteen minutes' exercise every morning. On your fiftieth birthday begin to cut down on the amount of food you eat, and remember a halt man of eighty with his mind bent on adjo[illegible] mare decades, should eat al[illegible] ough as a five-year-old child."

Dr. Charles F. Aked and Dr. Jordan Lloyd Jones are opposed to bottle murder, and sudden death, and they used to dispute this every morning [illegible] peaceship by way of warding off [illegible]

DO SOLDIERS LIKE WOMEN DOCTORS BEST?

ALONE [illegible] woman is, "And what for should we want a man [illegible] n object. The horror of being "the y man there" pursues the timid male rom his sophomore days to the night when he piteously tells his wife to send to the electric chair, but not to the woman's club reception. There are only ders to woman in the mass the harem [illegible] s complete is his subjugation in th[illegible] r existence—possibly because he is s normal that he doesn't want [illegible] tells how such wounded as [illegible] ask to be sent to the great military hospital in [illegible] stunned silence in Tennyson's or the Martha Washington [illegible] feministic paradise is done by girls, and his *faed* is the door porter. When a reporter recently expressed his surprise at

Only forty years ago men medical students in Edinburgh were congratulated by the *Lancet* on being "manly in the best sense" because they refused to enter the wards with women students. As a consequence of their overcoming this prejudice [illegible] rapable band of doctors and ambulance [illegible] less telegram begging them to go to Malta from the Dardanelles was in urgent need of surgical and medical aid, and the work [illegible] re was enthusiastically praised

After the Scotchwomen had demonstrated their medical fitness at the front, last July for the first time in the Charing

[illegible] this is so very sudden.

WHAT NEW YORK PAYS IN HAT CHECKS

DO you want a call[illegible] will make a fortune? Well, if you are too fat to be an a[illegible] short season he paid $9.30 tribute to certain possession of his mistress! Richard Spillane in *Commerce and Finance*. "More money is paid in one month in [illegible] James methods were

SHOOTING LIONS IN AFRICA

ONE night J. B. Thornhill pitched camp in a jungle of South Africa, where he had been building a bridge. A drizzly rain was falling, and the night [illegible] all-just three in the morning. [illegible] burning low [illegible] en by from the [illegible] anguish one boy saying, 'A beast has seized a person.' I knew what the word beast meant, for natives do not use the word lion lest evil fall upon them.

"I ran to the boys' canvas, and called them to get grass torches, their spears, and follow me. Not one boy moved. I set every grass on fire with the boys beside. They scattered like rabbits. With [illegible] trail of the dragged body I heard something clear in the bushes. I rushed on, and came upon a bit of leg [illegible] ritten off below [illegible] y form was a [illegible] yards from us. I walked up [illegible] the lion and satisfied myself that the lad was dead, so that I did not risk a charge."

George Grey, a famous hunter, [illegible] tangle death from a li[illegible] could be [illegible] he was under all [illegible] he story of his death is

"Grey had jumped off his pony, and was awaiting the onslaught of the lion. Twenty yards off Grey fired, hitting the lion in the shoulder. Five yards off he got in another shot, breaking a couple of the lion's teeth. The lion threw Grey on the ground, and began to worry him just as a dog would.

The rest of the party was arriving helter-skelter, and the lion made for its new foes. They fired, wounding him [illegible]

"Finally when the wounded beast was almost dead, one man managed to place a shot in the lion's head, and rescue Grey [illegible] ing his friend [illegible] body. He died three days later

CLEAN YOUR HOUSE IN A GYM SUIT

IF you will think of your [illegible] work as gymnastics "to build and [illegible] of common usage. To create the illusion, all you have to do is to give the conversation [illegible] e, the older, slimmest, most unbecoming skirt you possess and wear a gymnasium suit. This is one of the *1000 Smarter Ways Around the House*. Some observations [illegible] by Mae Sa[illegible]

Regarding the old skirt, she [illegible] "It is constantly in the [illegible] slush up for hunting pictures or ol[illegible] windows. It gathers dust and grime, and looks [illegible] dy long. Nothing will so quickly you can do the work in less time. You can of water. You can get the full benefit of that oldest and best exercise, housework [illegible] of fifty-cent serge, and two such suits will last, with good, hard wear, for a couple [illegible] iron.

Pagan says skirts are ugly, physically [illegible] they are unhealthy and [illegible] work twice as hard. Poor dear Mrs [illegible]

necessary for wearing under the suit. It is easy to get [illegible] for having made a complete change in [illegible] bell rat[illegible]

Of course, there is the problem of startling the grocer and butcher by appearing [illegible]

THESE HENS DRINK CHAMPAGNE

THERE is a flock [illegible] Maine that can [illegible] marketing corn without an eye-opener, also that toss off a dry Martini every night before dinner. Their life is a grand, continual jag from one day to another, with [illegible] nibble a diatoms to usher up between [illegible] ulating molecules have a [illegible] se to life. They are as hard-[illegible] ckers invited to be guests for Maine Agricultural Experiment [illegible] That characteristics acquired during one's lifetime are not passed on to future generations is now generally accepted by [illegible] he somatic or body cells from the reproductive or germ cells that one may do manner of queer things to the former without having any effect on the latter [illegible] poison into the whole soma that the other cells can not possibly escape using [illegible] roaring [illegible] daily [illegible]

From 14 cents an hour to Railroad Official

AT eighteen Frank R. Judd was a machinist's helper earning 14 cents an hour. One day he saw a coupon of the American School and sent it in. Before he had finished the course he was holding a good position in the engineering department of the Illinois Central Railroad. Always I feel the proper thing to do," Judd writes, "when advancements come. Today he is Foreman of the Shops for the entire 140-mile system. He has made his mark.

Make Your Mark

Just put an X before the part you like best and we'll tell you how you can fit yourself for it. Mailing coupon will bring full particulars—free and without obligation. Do it right today.

American School of Correspondence, Chicago, U.S.A.
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American School of Correspondence, Dept. G-2379 Chicago, U. S. A.
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Elec. Light & Power Supt.	Business Manager
Mechanical Engineer	Business Manager
Telephone Engineer	Auditor
Architect	Accountant
Architects' Draftsman	Certified Public Accountant
Building Contractor	Stenographer
Building Superintendent	Bookkeeper
Structural Engineer	Fire Insurance
Structural Draftsman	Fire Ins. Adjuster
Mechanical Engineer	Fire Ins. Expert
Mechanical Draftsman	Sanitary Engineer
Civil Engineer	Chemist
Gas Engineer	Mechanician Engineer
Shop Foreman	Automobile Engineer
Shop Superintendent	Automobile Mechanic
Steel Mill Draftsman	College Preparatory

Name ..... Address .....

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FREE to Hunters and Trappers

Learn to Scuff Birds

"HIRE YOURSELF AS BOSS"

She Saw Eliza Cross the Ice

One of the many recollections is quieting that Eliza whose story did much to bring on the Civil War

MRS. MEEKY B. COFFIN of Cincinnati, Ohio, claims that Uncle Tom's Cabin is all just a story. It was written by Mrs. Coffin's great-grandmother. She has the original manuscript to prove it. [illegible]

I was a little girl when my mother would tell us stories of the days when she was a little girl. Many of these stories were about the days when Mrs. Coffin's great-grandmother lived in Kentucky. One of the stories I remember best was about a slave girl named Eliza who escaped from her master. [illegible] Eliza was a beautiful girl and her master was very fond of her. He would not sell her to anyone who would be cruel to her. One day Eliza heard that her master had sold her baby boy to a trader who was going to take him away from her forever. She decided that she would escape with her baby. [illegible] Eliza crossed the ice on the river and escaped to Ohio. [illegible] I remember being very disappointed when my mother told me that Eliza was not a real person. [illegible]

What Every Janitor Should Know

NO matter will we have to complain to you or for neglecting to spend the proper time on the fuel. No matter will we send a hot protest to the man in the cellar who has left a pair of gas jets for three warm days under our cracked pot window. The time is here when we can go to sleep in peace and quiet. [illegible] the janitor is going to college to learn scientific janitoring.

This is no fad but what has been met by the people at Agricultural Correspondence College as Correspondence. This institution has just opened a janitor's department in response to the demand for janitors with expert knowledge of their work. Experience is the well being of a building.

The course offered by this college is especially adapted to meet the needs of the ambitious janitor, and it will go a long way toward eliminating the disorderly [illegible] of an apartment house usually due to lack of knowledge on the part of the janitor.

A janitor should be a sort of Board of Health, a sanitarian and an expert housekeeper and when he has completed the course of lectures offered by the Correspondence Agricultural College

1. Personal Qualifications by Professor T. D. Beckes, B. Department of Entomology.
2. Janitor Arts by Professor [illegible] Wheatley, Instructor in Carpentry.
3. Janitorship as a Business Should Know by Professor Wheatley, Instructor in Carpentry.
4. Elementary Mechanics, by Professor [illegible] Instructor in Mechanical Engineering.
5. Heating Fuels, Practice of Grime Care of Low-Pressure Boilers, etc., by Professor H. Rosebrandt, Instructor in Mechanical Engineering.
6. Ventilation by Professor [illegible]

Who Stole My Car?

By ERNEST A. STEPHENS

WHEN [illegible] was [illegible] we [illegible] a person who came rushing out of an office building in Broadway, New York, on a [illegible] way with [illegible] neighborhood where the lights are bright and [illegible] by. A glance at the expression of the man who came out of the [illegible] Spring [illegible] the first door told more than a glance.

There [illegible] a short time he [illegible] a car must [illegible] in a [illegible] by [illegible] of time for a motor-wise thief to [illegible] a fine [illegible] way with. And he [illegible] a reputation as the one of a number of thousand similar [illegible] who [illegible] to be a [illegible] public [illegible] has [illegible]

A motor [illegible] are [illegible] in [illegible] of [illegible] that the police authorities of the [illegible] to surround with regulations to [illegible] use of city and [illegible] streets in such a way [illegible] to [illegible] of [illegible] stands of [illegible] and [illegible] are [illegible] these [illegible] of [illegible] the [illegible] of the [illegible] of the [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible]

car has become more difficult, the only clue to identification in most cases being in the engine number, which the smart thief promptly obliterates, replacing it with a fictitious one. This similarity in appearance has on more than one occasion also been the cause of motorists accidentally driving off with cars that upon more careful inspection proved to belong to some one else. But it has made motor-thieving easier, as is indicated by an

Although this particular automobile lock is designed to secure the gear-shift lever and thus prevent its being moved from neutral position, there are many other types which act in different ways.

insurance company's report, which records that one out of every ten cars of a popular make turned out of the factory has been stolen at one time or another.

There are a number of methods by which a motor-car owner can make sure that his car will not fall into the hands of thieves. The most effective and general one, of course, is the use of the various types of special automobile locks that are now on the market. These locks can be attached to the ignition system, causing a short circuit; or they can be placed on the gasolene feed-pipe, the spark and throttle levers on the steering wheel, or on the gear-shift levers.

One veteran motorist has a car of the vintage of 1912 which has a carburetor equipped with a spray nozzle which also has a cock for the complete shutting off of the gasolene supply. By turning off this cock and disconnecting his batteries, which are located under the rear seats, he "fixes" his machine so that any one unfamiliar with it would take some time to place it in running condition.

Our Motor Service Department

Let us help to solve your problems. Write fully, and remember that you incur neither expense nor obligation. Mark your letters "Automobile Editor."

I have a bit of car trouble, and am told it is caused by the differential. What is the differential, how does it operate, and is it necessary? C. N. P.

The differential is a combination of gears included in the transmission system of an automobile, which permits driving effort to be equally transmitted to each of the two traction wheels even when they are rotating at different speeds, as in rounding curves. Briefly described, it consists of two master gears, one of which is secured to each of the adjacent ends of the divided axle shaft, and between these is a series of pinions, carried on studs fixed in a rotating housing. These pinions mesh simultaneously with both the master gears. The driven gear, which receives the driving effort of the engine, is fixed in the housing already referred to. The differential acts as an equalizing gear, compensating for traction wheels rotating at different speeds, and accordingly it may be looked upon as a necessity.

Which is the best way of driving a speedometer, from the front wheel or from the transmission? C. E.

Probably the better way is to gear it to the transmission, where it is practically protected from dust and dirt. When the drive is taken from the front wheel, the gears are more or less exposed and trouble may be expected. A few makes are free from this trouble, as they are of the inclosed type.

My car, a 1912 model which has been well cared for, is using a great quantity of lubricating oil. Would fitting new piston rings help? ALPHONSE.

It depends upon the amount of wear. If the cylinders are in fairly good shape, new piston rings might effect the desired saving; but possibly it may be necessary to rebore the cylinders and fit larger pistons. Before adopting either of these methods you might try using a heavier lubricant than that which you now employ. A worn engine will often give better results with a thicker oil than that which proved most suitable when it was relatively new and the reciprocating parts worked to closer limits.

Cutting Down the Cost of Coal

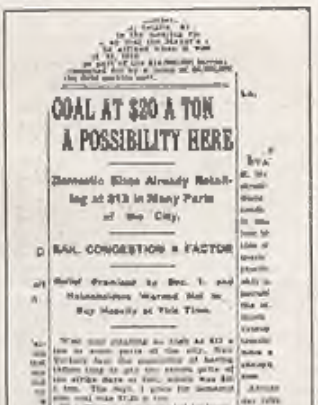
WITH a large family living in a large house not very well built, and consequently hard to keep warm in cold weather, my annual coal bill has been large. In fact, though I burn soft coal, the fuel bill has not been less than $100 for several years.

A little investigation showed me that there was a wide discrepancy between the price at the mine and the price I paid, even after making allowance for the freight and a very liberal profit to the dealer. When I tried to buy at the mine, I found that the mine owners simply refused to quote me a price.

After diligent searching, however, I found a coal company willing to sell to me at mine prices plus the freight. Their profit arose from the fact that they bought at the mine by the long ton of 2240 pounds, and sold to me by the short ton of 2000 pounds; as it was a cash deal and they had no work in handling the coal, this allowed a liberal profit for bringing consumer and producer together. The local dealer quoted me a cash price of $5.50 a ton. The price at the mine was $1.55 a ton, the freight $1.23 a ton, and a local teamster was willing to deliver the coal for 50 cents a ton, making the total $3.57 a ton, or a saving of $1.93 over the dealer's price.

Accordingly I ordered a small carload. I used 22 tons myself, saving $42.46. In addition I sold the other 9 tons to a neighbor at $5 a ton, he paying the teamster. This deal netted me $17.37, making the total saving on fuel in one year $59.83.

This year the neighbor and I ordered a 45-ton carload of coal; and, as we bought



COAL AT $20 A TON
A POSSIBILITY HERE

Domestic Sizes Already Retailing at $13 in Many Parts of the City.

RAIL CONGESTION A FACTOR

in June, we got the June price of $1.70 a ton.

I recommend this plan to all who are tired of supporting the coal dealer; the only trouble is to find a coal company that will sell by this plan, but this can be done by diligent inquiry. A club of two or more can easily take care of a carload of coal.

New Stomachs for Old

By Arthur True Buswell, M. D.

EUGENE CHRISTIAN

THOUSANDS of people who suffered for years with all sorts of stomach trouble are walking around to-day with entirely remade stomachs. They enjoy their meals and never have a thought of indigestion, constipation or any of the serious illnesses with which they formerly suffered and which are directly traceable to the stomach.

And these surprising results have been produced, not by drugs or medicines of any kind, not by foregoing substantial foods, not by eating specially prepared or patented foods of any kind, but by eating the foods we like best *correctly combined!*

These facts were forcibly brought to my mind by Eugene Christian, the eminent Food Scientist, who has successfully treated over 23,000 people with foods alone!

In a recent talk with Eugene Christian, he told me of some of his experiences in the treatment of various ailments through food—just a few instances out of the more than 23,000 cases he has on record.

One case which interested me greatly was that of a young business man whose efficiency had been practically wrecked through stomach acidity, fermentation and constipation, resulting in physical sluggishness which was naturally reflected in his ability to use his mind. He was twenty pounds underweight when he first went to see Christian, and was so nervous he couldn't sleep. Stomach and intestinal gases were so severe that they caused irregular heart action and often fits of great mental depression. As Christian describes it, he was not 50 per cent. efficient either mentally or physically. Yet in a few days, by following Christian's suggestions as to food, his constipation had completely gone, although he had formerly been in the habit of taking large daily doses of a strong cathartic. In five weeks every abnormal symptom had disappeared—his weight having increased 6 pounds. In addition to this, he acquired a store of physical and mental energy so great in comparison with his former self as to almost belie the fact that it was the same man.

Another instance of what proper food combinations can do was that of a man one hundred pounds overweight whose only other discomfort was rheumatism. This man's greatest pleasure in life was eating. Though convinced of the necessity, he hesitated for months to go under treatment, believing he would be deprived of the pleasures of the table. He finally, however, decided to try it out. Not only did he begin losing weight at once, quickly regaining his normal figure, all signs of rheumatism disappearing, but he found the new diet far more delicious to the taste and afforded a much keener quality of enjoyment than his old method of eating, and wrote Christian a letter to that effect.

But perhaps the most interesting case that Christian told me of was that of a multi-millionaire—a man 70 years old, who had been traveling with his doctor for several years in a search for health. He was extremely emaciated, had chronic constipation, hardness and rheumatism. For over twenty years he had suffered with stomach and intestinal trouble, which in reality was superacidulous secretions in the stomach. The first menus given him were designed to remove the cause of acidity, which was accomplished in about thirty days. And after this was done he seemed to undergo a complete rejuvenation. His eyesight, hearing, taste and all of his mental faculties became keener and more alert. He had had no organic trouble—but he was starving to death from malnutrition and decomposition—all caused by the wrong selection and combination of foods. After a few months' treatment this man was as well and strong as he had ever been in his life.

These instances of the efficacy of right eating I have simply chosen at random from perhaps a dozen Eugene Christian told me of, every one of which was fully as interesting, and they applied to as many different ailments. Surely this man Christian is doing a great work.

There have been so many inquiries from all parts of the United States from people seeking the benefit of Eugene Christian's advice and whose cases he is unable to handle personally, that he has written a little course of lessons which tells you exactly what to eat for health, strength and efficiency. This course is published by The Corrective Eating Society of New York.

These lessons, there are 24 of them, contain actual menus for breakfast, luncheon and dinner, curative, as well as corrective, covering every condition of health and sickness from infancy to old age and for all occupations, climates and seasons.

With these lessons at hand it is just as though you were in personal contact with the great food specialist, because every possible point is so thoroughly covered that you can scarcely think of a question which isn't answered. You can start eating the very things that will produce the increased physical and mental energy you are seeking the day you receive the lessons, and you will find that you secure results with the first meal.

If you would like to examine these 24 Little Lessons in Corrective Eating, simply write The Corrective Eating Society, Depart 7912, 460 Fourth Avenue, New York City. It is not necessary to enclose any money with your request. Merely ask them to send the lessons on five days' trial with the understanding that you will either return them within that time or remit $3.00, the small fee asked.

Please clip out and mail the following form instead of writing a letter, as this is a copy of the blank adopted by the Society, and will be honored at once.

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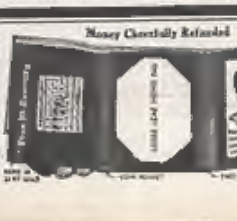

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Dear Editor:

I am inclosing a dollar, so you can send EVERY WEEK to my best girl. You, she, and I have the same ideas. In case you publish this, don't put her name in, because then I wouldn't have any girl!

J. O. S., North Emporia, Va.

A Woman of Spirit

Dear Editor:

Your editorial on boys being put in overalls in a sand-pile interested me very much. I have a lad one year old, and that is where he is this minute. When you get around to it, write another editorial about little boys. But, no matter what it is about, granddaddy and I will enjoy it, as many of our neighbors say they do too. However, I am the only one with spirit enough to write and say so.

A DEVOTED READER, Ypsilanti, Mich.

Kind Words

Dear Editor:

I hereby hasten to inclose check to cover my subscription for the coming year to your most interesting publication. Would be lost without it. It is the honestest, cleanest, most readable little magazine that ever existed. May its publishers meet with nothing but continued and unqualified success.

E. G. S., Sheldon, Ill.

Kansan Will Call for Queen

Dear Editor:

I saw your article in EVERY WEEK about Queen Emily McCoy of Pitcairn Island in the South Seas. Was it truth? Is she looking for an escort? I would really like to make such a trip. If it is real fact, advise how I may communicate with her Highness. If an interview is possible, I will come to New York.

W. B., Colby, Kan.

Rebuked

Dear Editor:

In regard to your statement that a certain woman owed her success in having "been on time for 365 mornings during the first year of her new job," do department-stores in New York keep open Sundays and holidays? We hadn't heard.

J. H. B., Philadelphia.

Absolutely

Dear Editor:

It pains me to write to you in complaint, but the last copy I received had four pages missing—7, 8, 13, and 14. Now, I don't want to appear like a kicker, but you know yourself that, when one is reading a very interesting story, to miss part of it is discouraging, not to say disheartening, at the least.

I hope you will not be offended at this, but will look with tolerance on a young man who tries to get the most out of life with the means which he has.

J. R. J., Gibson City, Ill.

While There's Life There's Soup

Dear Editor:

Please allow me to state that your heart-to-heart talks with your readers are splendid. You must be a noble man. You will enjoy everlasting popularity, and I, as one of the public of this great nation, demand that you hold your present position until you can no longer bite a crust.

W. F. J., Greenfield, Mich.

She Is Right, Mr. G.

Dear Editor:

Please send your "Eating for Health and Efficiency." It is for my husband, who will not take time to play or eat right. I read him your editorial, but he says he must do it to take care of the seven of us. We are poor and do need all he can make; but the children and I would much rather miss a meal, or a dozen, if only he would come home looking happy. I have talked to him so many times about going on a little trip. If he keeps on he will have to give up long before his time; but I can not make him see it.

Mrs. J. G., Detroit, Mich.

Ata-Lady

Dear Editor:

I can not put in words the pleasure my family have in reading your magazine. I wish you could see us Sunday nights. Papa gets his pipe, my boy lies on the lounge, and I read the magazine to them from cover to cover. Nothing but sickness ever spoils our Sunday evening. This is the first time I ever dared write an editor.

Mrs. H., Methuen, Mass.

We'll Do Another on Walking

Dear Editor:

I have an every-day, ordinary-girl exterior that I am obliged to live down to; but inside I am a most wildly exciting mixture of artist, writer, adventuress, nature lover, dreamer, and scholar. All this apropos of your editorial on the joys of caravaning. I would love to gallivant off 'cross country; but what if you have only $10? It makes me cross for a New York editor to sit up and say how simple it would be. There—I feel better. Grouch out of my system.

E. W. P.

Shall We Do This?—

Dear Editor:

I enjoy your magazine very much, especially the special items on how people have made good in their various occupations; but it's a shame to waste two whole pages on pictures. Wouldn't it be a good idea to use that space for a sequel to that great story, "The Wall Street Girl"?

F. R. D., Brockton, Mass.

—Or This?

Dear Editor:

Your picture pages are the best thing in your magazine. Why not have a couple more? Cut down on the stories, if necessary. Every one I have talked to says the same thing.

K. B. R., Ueland, Minn.

Not Unless We Give Up Eating

Dear Editor:

Your magazine is simply fine, and I wish some of the splendid things you say could be put in electric lights and strung all over New York. Hoping you will be able to keep it free from ads. I remain,

Mrs. H. C. A., Westfield, N. J.

Some One Who Cared

Dear Editor:

I took your magazine, and liked it so well that there are now fourteen people taking it in the laundry where I am employed. Only you should have poetry. I am sending a little poem written and composed by myself, A. W., Rochester, N. Y.

Space permits us to quote only a few bits from Miss W's poem, "Some One Who Cared":

Let us remember, when things go wrong again,
Not to spite it on loved ones and cause them pain. . . .
There may come a time when you'll lose that dear one;
Then, try as you may, you can not atone.
For the one with whom joys and sorrows you've shared
Is the one whom you'll miss—the Some One Who Cared.

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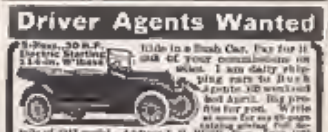

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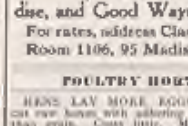

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